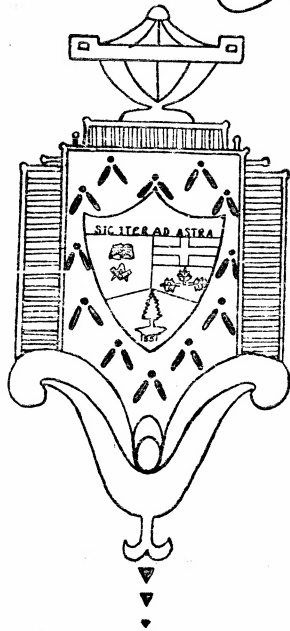


The Collegiate



◀ Easter ▶

◀ 1926 ▶

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ACADEMIC COURSES—These prepare candidates for entrance to the Normal Schools and to the Universities. Attendance for four years or more is required to complete these courses.

VOCATIONAL COURSES—These prepare boys and girls for commercial, business, industrial and homemaking pursuits. The Commercial Course requires attendance for two or three years. Special Courses in commercial subjects may be completed in one year by students who have the equivalent of two or more years of High School work. Technical and Industrial Courses are offered in Drafting, Machine Shop Practice, Woodworking, Auto Mechanics and Electricity. The Home-making Course for girls prepares for scientific home management, and includes Dressmaking, Millinery, Home-nursing and Cooking. A Prevocational Course is offered to boys and girls to enable them to make an intelligent choice of an occupation through the means of "Try-Out" Courses. Three or more years attendance is recommended for all day pupils who enroll in courses.

CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION

The Entrance Certificate or its equivalent is required for all courses except the Prevocational. Pupils with Fourth Book standing may enter the Prevocational Course if judged able to undertake the work.

EVENING CLASSES

Evening classes will open in October and continue until the end of March. During 1925-26 instruction was given in the following subjects:—

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Other courses of vocational value may be opened upon application, provided there is a sufficient enrolment.

Enrolment takes place during the first week in October. Nominal fees are charged for the Night Classes.

All courses offered have the approval of the Provincial Department of Education.

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F. C. ASBURY,
Principal

GEO. BROWN,
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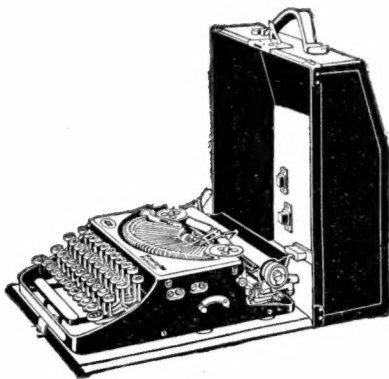
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A Scotchman is a man who keeps the Sabbath and anything else he can get his hands on.



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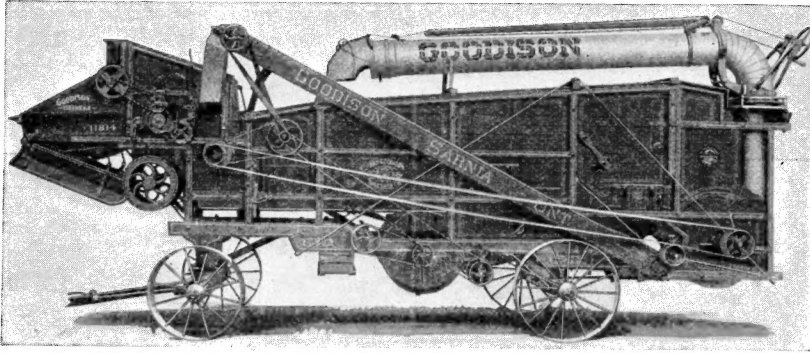
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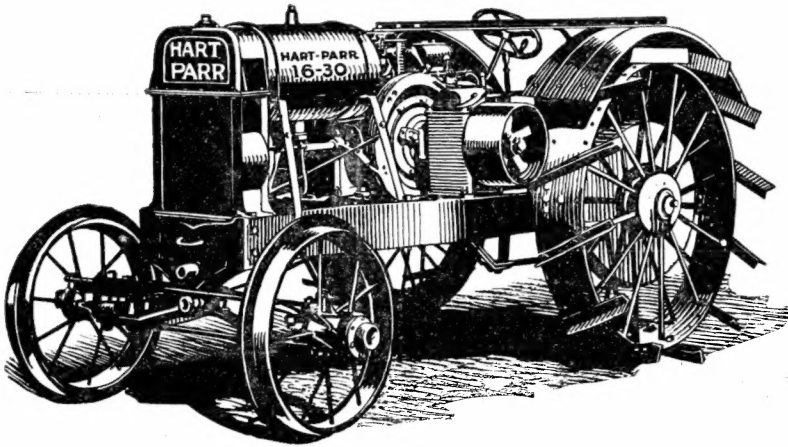
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M. Reed—"Why didn't you deny it?"

Fran. Clarks—"I didn't have the face to say no."

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Shingle all the way!
Oh what joy it is to bob
A blonde girl's bunch of hay!

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Two Jews were walking down the street on a very cold day.

Isaac—"Why don't you say something."

Sam—"Aw, freeze your own hands."

The Hands That Do Your Washing

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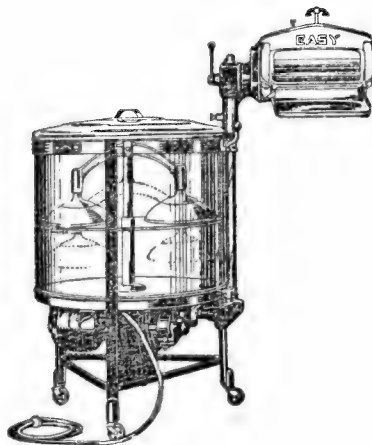
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Dad—"What did you say to him?"

Son—"Nothin'; he's a lot bigger'n me."

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Coupled with these advantages Sarnia is noted throughout the Dominion for its beautiful homes, fine churches and schools second to none in the Dominion. The school that is represented by this magazine is one of the finest schools in Canada and within its walls, experienced teachers prepare students for university or business.



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FOR ECONOMIC TRANSPORTATION

SEE THEM AT

St. Clair Motor Sales, Sarnia

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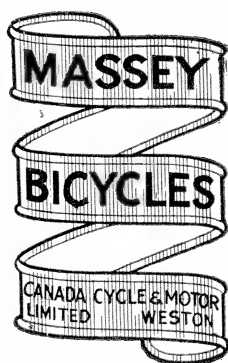
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Hanson—"Same place the light goes when you blow out a candle."



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Write for a Calendar of the Faculty in which you are interested.

W. E. McNEILL, M.A., Ph.D., Registrar.

THE COLLEGIATE

Published under the Auspices of the S.C.I. Literary Society.

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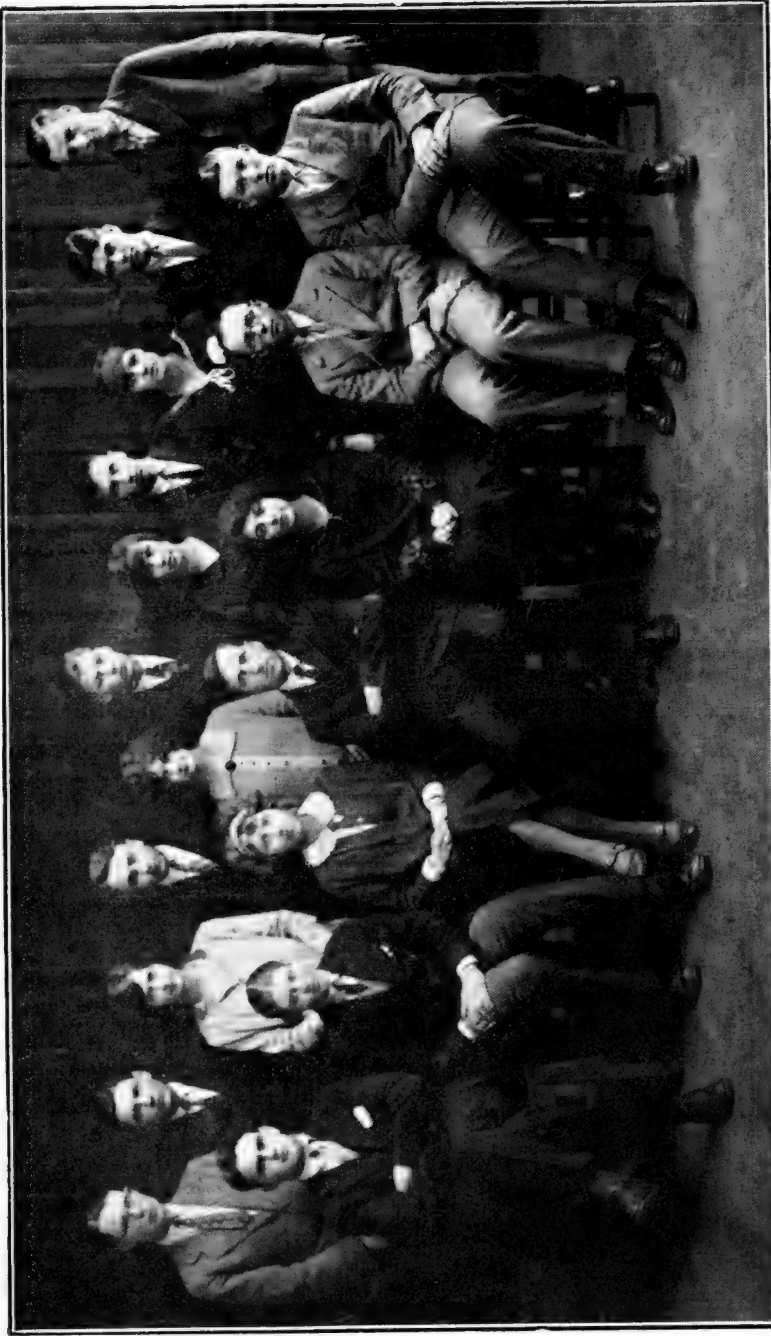
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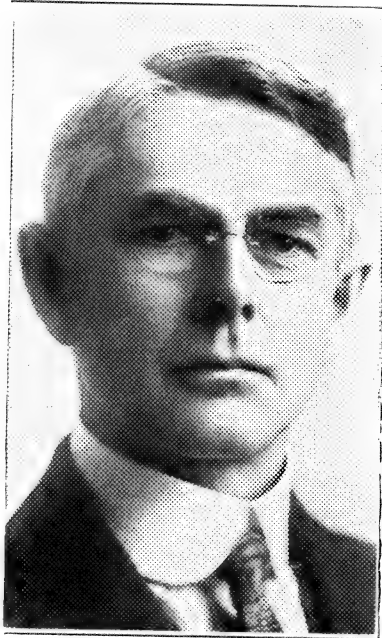
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Dedication



In recognition of his outstanding services in the organization and management of the combined Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School and in appreciation of his splendid contribution to our education, experience and general training, we respectfully dedicate this edition of the Collegiate to

Mr. Daniel A. Campbell, B.A.

Principal 1922-25

Foreword

To our friends in other Schools—wherever this 1926 issue of "The Collegiate" may find its way—we send cordial greetings and sincere wishes for success in the many fields of present-day secondary school activity. A school magazine is not only a unique product of the institution which sends it forth—presenting in concentrated form the story of the year's life of the student body and almost inevitably taking on something of the spirit of the school itself—but, as it enters, in its travels, the portals of other schools, it claims a welcome from those who, like its authors, are students of a common heritage of truth. We trust that this 1926 "Collegiate" may do its bit in fostering the spirit of fraternity among the members of the vast body of Secondary School Students.

To the graduates and ex-members of our School—whether teachers or students in the old S. C. I. or the newer S. C. I. & T. S.,—this magazine carries our assurance of remembrance and regard. We wish you well wherever you may be and would have you know that we are striving to carry along into the future the best of the spirit and traditions of the past. As well for this endeavour as for old times' sake we claim your continued loyalty to the School.

To the citizens of Sarnia in both official and private life we extend our appreciation of the interest they have constantly shown in all the work of the School. Not only have the members of the Board of Education consistently stood behind the varied activities of the student body but many other friends have given of their time and energy in the encouragement of literary, cadet, athletic and other organizations. For all these evidences of individual interest and co-operation and for the support of the public at large the whole School is very grateful.

And now to the Students of the School—a concluding word. We have said that a School magazine is a unique product of the institution sending it forth—but it would be fatal to forget that the essential products of that institution are the girls and boys who go out from its halls and shops and class-rooms to take their places in the world outside. These, after all, tell the tale of the School's success. The magazine is its prospectus—the graduates its product. And by the product the School is judged. Never forget, therefore, that loyalty to your school goes deeper than a mere sentimental memory for its associations and traditions, worthy as these may be. Real loyalty consists in so conforming to those high traditions in your present and after-school life that you are constantly enhancing the high-placed credit of your school. And so the final word is—"Forward"—"Sic iter ad astra."

F. C. ASBURY.

Foreword

The Members of the Board of Education feel that the 1926 Edition of "The Collegiate" cannot be allowed to go to press without an expression of our appreciation of the loyal co-operation of the Staff and Student body of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School.

We have striven to give you the best and, in return, we have asked and received those two attributes which go to make a successful school—a loyal staff—a willing student body.

To the individual student, we would say that, having watched you on the playing field, mingled with you in your social activities and checked the results of your Departmental Examinations, we believe that you will go out into the broad fields of life better fitted to take your place there, because, as students in the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School, you have lived up to the traditions of this wonderful institution, namely, in your games, sportsmanship—in your social functions, politeness—in your examinations, industry and self application.

In conclusion let me say, on behalf of the Members of the Board that, proud as we are of you, for what you have accomplished and are accomplishing, we look—to you for even greater things in the future.

ROSS W. GRAY,
Vice-Chairman.

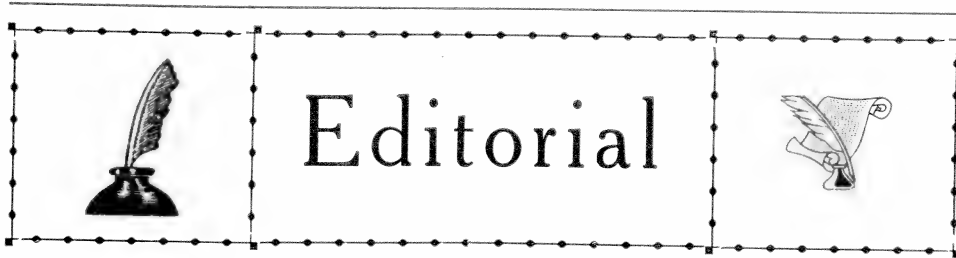


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Absent—Miss Brown, Mr. Gray, Mr. Hartley, Mr. Treitz, Mr. Dent.



IS THE HUDSON BAY RAILWAY NECESSARY?

A great deal of discussion has arisen upon the subject of the Hudson Bay Railway. The Hudson Bay outlet is suggested as the solution of the Western farmers' problem of shipping grain to the Old Country. Already a large amount of money has been spent on this railway and nothing much has been achieved. It is not surprising, therefore, that objection is taken to the proposed grant of \$3,000,000. Central and Eastern sentiment is critical of this further burden at the present time, while even Alberta is indifferent as seen in Premier Brownlee's request to Premier King to hold a conference to consider the whole question of the western route and Vancouver harbor. This consideration of the Vancouver outlet materially lessens the area of benefit from the Hudson Bay outlet and makes cautious procedure more advisable. Since the commencement of the railway to Hudson Bay in 1909, conditions have been materially altered. Immigration has decreased, revenues have been diverted to meet heavy interest charges on war outlay, and now the Vancouver route, accessible the year round is being developed even by the extreme measure of lowered freight rates.

The support of the Hudson Bay Railway is spoken of as a political debt to the Progressives for supporting the King Government. The building of the Railway, as far as it has gone, was commenced by the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but of the entire expenditure over

\$20,000,000 was made by Conservative Governments between the years 1911 and 1921, while Liberal Cabinets have spent under \$600,000. Apparently any political responsibility would seem to lie more with the present Opposition than with the Government.

The prevailing sentiment in Manitoba seems to be in favour of the new route and is opposed to the Eastern advocates of delay or abandonment of the proposition, as animated by the selfish dictates of Montreal. They admit however, that there is a doubt as to whether the route can be established as a complete commercial success, just as there were doubts sixty years ago regarding the Montreal outlet.

In the last few years the West has been greatly aided in securing an outlet for its produce by thousands of miles of railways, much of which is still unprofitable and requires heavy Dominion aid for deficits. The Vancouver outlet is now being developed for the Western half of the Prairies.

The day may come in the near future when it can be demonstrated that the Hudson Bay route is essential, when in view of the amount of traffic and of the money already invested, the completion will be warranted. Its advocates should not press their claim unreasonably having regard to other important developments of our country and the war debt, which has to be faced with but moderate revenues. Neither should those opposed to the route be unreasonable, always keeping in mind the fact, that the money, that has been spent on this railway, has come from grants of Government land in

the Prairie provinces and also remembering that, no doubt Westerners can deal with Western problems.

POLITICAL CHANGE

The political condition in which Canada finds herself, to-day, is such, that very little useful legislation can be accomplished. Up to the present time, this session at Ottawa, in our opinion has proved very little more than an opportunity for the members of parliament, to enjoy the very expensive game of politics. At a time when Canada is on the verge of an era of prosperity, when party and politics should be set aside, many valuable hours have been wasted by useless debating.

In our own Ontario legislature we find the situation very little improved. Here the Ontario Temperance Act has been the big issue; with the government side of the House following their leader in keeping their thoughts and intentions unknown. On the opposition, a member of the Liberal party, who was chosen a member of the policy committee for his party, has placed a motion before the House, in absolute contradiction of the policy, of his party, which was the absolute enforcement of the prevailing Temperance Act. This motion was defeated by the combined forces of the majority of this member's own party, the Conservative party, with a few exceptions and the Progressive party. We say defeated but we are inclined to think just silenced until the time is ripe, when we fear it will receive the support of the members of the government, who voted against it. What ever the outcome may be the present outlook seems rather dark for those legislators who composed the majority in favour of the continuance of the Temperance Act at the recent plebiscite. What punishment shall be meted out to political leaders who do not fulfill their avowed promises to citizens of this country?

The situation, we feel, is a chal-

lenge to the students of our High Schools and Collegiates, to take more interest in the present system of government and in the great political and economical questions of the day. These students are the future citizens of Canada, of whom, some will elect and others will be elected legislative leaders, leaders, whom we hope will add rather than detract from the prestige of political parties.

COOLING THE FLAMES OF GENIUS

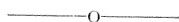
The woes of an editor are manifold, and of a lurid and emotional variety. The latter adjectives, apply not only to the state of mind of the author who submits his inspired brain-children; but also, and even more intimately, to the comments of aforesaid editor, when he comes in his reading, to those awesome places, where, "The wild waves dash in fury against the jagged teeth of the rocks," "She lifts her sad, sweet face trustfully to his," or, "The moon sits like a golden orange on top of the purple hills." The manuscripts are the more irritating, because often the ideas behind the fog are exceedingly clever. The plot may be perfectly, even originally constructed, the characters invested with a certain individuality, yet the whole thing spoiled by being smothered in a wave of startling and extravagant verbosity.

The weary editor, as he attempts to tone down the florid eloquence becomes absolutely certain, that at least one half of the horde of incipient authors, simultaneously acquired the thought of calling it, "The first pale pink flush of dawn." In the meanwhile, probably the other half were deciding that "The wind howled with the voices, of a million fiends." When one reads twenty or thirty effusions a day, it does not take long to become inured to the bombardment. Concerning those eyes, "that are blue as summer seas," hair "like a golden coronet a-

bout her marble brow," those "delicately carved features," "exquisitely moulded limbs," and "sylphlike figures," ye editor is quite blasé. The villains "sinister smile," and the heroes "Greek-god profile," are alike an old, old story. For him, the "wan moon-bathed meadows," and "little singing streams" have ceased to charm.

Nor is discarded romanticism the only form of imagination he has to anchor firmly to earth. The modern author in his tendency toward calling a spade a spade, has taken to making his auto tires run "like little cat feet," giving his hero hair "as black as a chunk of anthracite coal," and likening the sound of a hurricane, to the baby's shrieks at midnight, when it wakes up howling for its bottle." However, these are not the worst of his afflictions. Any editor can endure and modify, the "agonized whispers," and "heart-rending cries." It is only when persons begin to "choke on their grief," "destroy their convictions," "weep their eyes out," and "tread on their hopes," that he becomes truly alarmed, and decides that this game of exaggerated simile, comparison, and dramaticism is beginning to be a public menace.

However, it is highly probable, that with the attachment born of long and constant companionship, the writers may be loathe to banish entirely those "shades of evening," "low stifled sobs," and "glorious undertakings." But at least, let them occasionally allow their heroines to possess plain brown hair, and cease to call our perfectly satisfactory sun, "a red hot cannon ball."



THE GOVERNMENT CUSTOMS PROBE

The recent government probe of alleged smuggling at Canada's ports has brought to light several very interesting and unusual situations.

The statement of Mr. H. H. Stevens, Conservative for Vancouver, that the customs officials, at a great many Canadian cities, were not what the people trusted they were, seems to have a great deal of truth in it. A great many things have come to light by this probe that point definitely to the fact that the custom's records have been clouded up a great deal, and more than one transaction has been kept from public view.

The smuggling probe has displayed the fact that a great many of the "higher-ups" in political circles have benefitted from the illicit smuggling of liquor and motor cars. The policy that some officials seem to have followed, namely that of allowing certain little things into the country duty free, or of merely winking an eye, at the smuggling of liquor from Quebec, may be all very well for those deriving the benefit, but it is not fair to the public.

Several editorials in leading journals suggest that there is a possibility that the custom's officials and revenue officers are not above suspicion. Of course there are plenty of men in the revenue service who are above reproach but then it is admitted that the customs job in recent years has been full of temptation for the officials. The smuggling of liquor along the border has become a major industry and the smugglers are only too willing to expend a few dollars to insure non-interference. The enquiry at Ottawa has shown that Montreal has been a prolific clearing house for illicit traffic across the border in both directions and that a clean-up of the Montreal department is long over-due. Evidently the department has had a very poor system in the past and there is room for much improvement in the system for checking big transactions. The people of Canada have usually entertained a good opinion of the honesty and integrity of government officials and it seems a shame that men in their positions should show such lax moral stan-

dards, by allowing personal interests to overshadow their duty to the people.

THIS EDITION

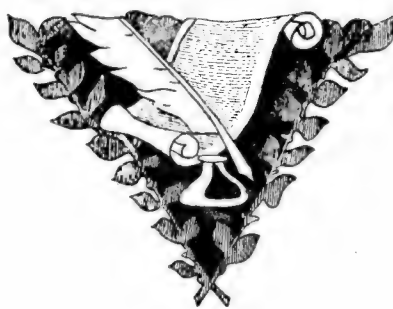
In former years the Constitution of the Senior Literary Society stated that the Society should issue a magazine, and that this magazine should be self-supporting. Therefore, after last year's financial failure, it was with extreme caution that we ventured upon this year's publication. However, we now have none of last year's debt to worry us, since the Circus so effectively cancelled it all. The magazine staff is very thankful to those who made the Circus such a success.

Since a decrease, in the size and quality of the magazine was undesirable, slight increases in the cost of advertising were made. The majority of our advertisers did not object to these increases and supported us loyally as they have always done in all our activities. Will you

not read every advertisement in "The Collegiate" and give our patrons your patronage? Many of these advertisements were written by members of our magazine staff, this should provide an added interest for you. Even these increases in prices did not insure financial success and the Advertising and Business Staffs were compelled to work very hard to bring about this desirable condition.

Not only has an endeavour been made to make the magazine financially successful, but also successful from a literary standpoint. Great credit is due to all those on the Staff who have worked so hard to bring success to our efforts. Particular mention should also be made, of the Printer, Mr. J. W. Whitcombe, for his kindly advice, assistance and suggestions and for his genial and personal interest in the welfare of our magazine.

The editors take this opportunity of thanking all those who assisted in any way in the publication of the 1926 "Collegiate."





STUDENT ACTIVITIES

THE SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

This organization has again had a very successful year. The elections were held early in the fall term and with such capable leaders as Cecil Banwell and Alan Warwick, the success of this year's Senior Literary Society was assured. At the first meeting the newly elected officers had an opportunity to thank their supporters. The new vice-president outlined the work of the year, namely the development of artistic, the literary dramatic scientific topics of the programs, of the organization. It was thought advisable to have a teacher act as critic at each meeting. This insures a real criticism of the program.

At the second meeting of the society an exceedingly interesting scientific demonstration was given by Bob Ferguson, H. Lambert and Alan Warwick. At the next session, the students had the pleasure of listening to Heber Nethery and Tom McKay. These two boys presented their speeches for the first W.O.S.S.A. debate in the boys' series to be given at Woodstock. They supported the negative side of the question, "Resolved that Canada should have unrestricted immigration." The third meeting, was occupied by the try-offs for the W.O.S.S.A. girls' oratory contest. Miss Annie Leslie spoke in a very fine

manner on "Chivalry." Then Miss Norma Hilliard gave a sketch of "Pioneer Life in Canada."

As there was an art exhibit in the school the next meeting was devoted to speeches on art and artists.

The next meeting, took the form of a Mock City Council presented by senior members. The last meeting of the year was devoted to drama.

The Senior Literary Society is at the head of the "Collegiate" this year and a great amount of energy is being given to this important work, insuring it even more success than last year.

The executive wishes to take this opportunity of thanking all those who so ably aided in making our programs a success. The spirit of co-operation in the Society has been greatly appreciated by the executive.

The officers elected for the executive for 1924-25 are:

Honorary President—Miss Harris.

President—Cecil Banwell.

Vice-President—Alan Warwick.

Secretary—Winnie Day.

Treasurer—John Manore.

Girl Reporter—Annie Leslie.

Boy Reporter—Hubert Potter.

Pianist—Atwood Kennedy.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The Junior Literary Society launched upon 1925-26 term with a Main Executive and a body of Form Representatives, with admirable co-operative spirit.

Honorary President—Miss M. N. Burriss.

President—Hugo R. Holland.

Vice President—Kenneth George.

Secretary—Myrtle Hewitt.

Treasurer—Anna Virgo.

Girl Reporter—Mary Cobban.

Boy Reporter—Jack McWatters.

Pianist—Kenneth Zink.

One of the various aims of the Junior Literary Society is to afford



SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Atwood Kennedy, Dwight Simmons, Mr. F. C. Asbury (Principal), Cecil Banwell (President), Alan Warwick.
Front Row—Winnifred Day, Margaret Purser, Miss Harris (Honorary President), Margaret Hall.

practice in Public Speaking to as many pupils as possible. Another purpose is to demonstrate the conduct of a meeting under the Rules Parliamentary under the Parliamentary Rules of Order. Still another object is to provide interesting and profitable programs.

The Executive has made a splendid effort to set a high standard of achievement. Over one hundred and twenty-five different pupils have taken an active part on the Assembly Hall platform; the other pupils have had the opportunity to watch their endeavours.

The various types of programs for the term are shown in the following outline.

At the first meeting, the new officers of the Executive were introduced to the Society and each made a short inaugural address.

The program for the second meeting was a debate upon the subject "Resolved that Steam is of greater benefit to mankind than Electricity."

Roland Samis and Douglas Burwell of 2C Collegiate, upholding the affirmative, defeated Edna Butler and Albert Bartley of 2B Collegiate in a close and very interesting contest.

Another meeting was provided entirely by pupils of the Technical Department. Addresses on Household Science, Woodwork, Drafting, Steel Development, and Science threw light upon the various Technical Department Courses. These speeches were delivered by Kathleen Maughn, Robert Hamilton, Wilbur Clark, Carl Chalmers and Arthur Lawson, respectively. Some new features introduced were, Charcoal sketches by Fred DeGuersey and pleasing selections on the Harmonica by Blake Hargin. Much amusement was provided by a human automobile with some new and unusual anatomical troubles.

A group of fifteen boys and girls developed a sort of travelogue around the world. These displayed souvenirs and contributed many



JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Mary Doucher, Hilda Hunter, F. Richardson, Louise McArthur, Mr. Asbury, K. Bell, Dorothy Hackney, R. Tuck, Muriel Hillier.

Front Row—K. Zink, Mary Cobban, Anna Virgo, K. George, H. Holland (President), Miss Burriss (Honorary President), Myrtle Hewitt, J. McWatters.

items of information regarding various countries.

The truancy of James Copeland, resulting in the breaking of a window, occupied the attention of the Society in a Mock Trial. The truant was made the defendant against the irate window-owner. After a hard legal fight, the decision was awarded to the plaintiff.

The personnel of the Court was as follows:

Judge—Claude Cook.

Crier—Owen Walker.

Court Clerk—John Simmons.

Constable—Ortie Barrett.

Jury—H. Arnold (foreman), Roy Corey, J. Smith, G. Jennings, B. Turnbull, W. Strothers.

Solicitor for Plaintiff—J. Lewis.

Solicitor for Defendant—R. Tuck.

Witnesses—L. Patterson, T. Reeves, K. Andrews, R. Ramsey.

Defendant—James Copeland.

Plaintiff—D. Isbister.

Taking advantage of the presence of a large exhibit of reproductions of famous paintings, another meeting of the Society was devoted to

Art. Following the development of art through the ages, a number of pupils gave interesting sketches on the lives of great artists, illustrating them with examples of the artist's work.

A French play, "Jeanne D'Arc", was given by some second year Collegiate French pupils. This illustrated in a very clear manner three important scenes from the life of Jeanne D'Arc, the French heroine. This role was taken by Pauline Mills.

At the final meeting of the Junior Literary Society, all the main officers gave a resume of the work carried on by them. All standing business was completed and the meeting was carried out in a detailed manner.

The retiring officers of the Society take this opportunity to express their thanks for, and their appreciations of, the aid given them by those teachers who have acted as judges, critics, and advisers. They also wish to thank Mr. Brush and the Orchestra for its help, as well as, Kenneth Zink for his untiring efforts.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council although not a well-known body is just the same a very important one in the school. Under its supervision the annual At Home was arranged and in the near future it will have charge of the distribution of school letters. It is a very representative body, being composed of the head of each outstanding organization in the school.

Senior Literary Society, Cecil Banwell. Junior Literary Society, Hugo Holland. Girls' Athletic Association, Helen Donald. Girls' Basketball Team, Ruth Kirkpatrick, Jean Wheatcroft. Senior Rugby Team, Lloyd Hallam. Boys' Basketball Team, Howard Carter. Cadet Corps, Ross Nichol. Mr. Asbury, Miss Harris, Miss Scarrow and Miss Brown form the advisory committee of the Council.

COMMENCEMENT

The Annual Commencement exercises took place in the Assembly Hall on Friday afternoon, September the eighteenth. The auditorium was filled with proud parents and friends as well as with students eager to receive diplomas and to see the presentation of prizes. Mr. Asbury presided and as principal gave his first report of the year's work. He referred to the fine progress which had been made along both academic and athletic line in the school.

Miss Agnes Weir gave the valedictory address very ably. She expressed in fine style the feelings of the students on leaving the school. Miss Weir desired to impress upon her audience the fact that all the students who were leaving the school would carry with them happy memories of life in their Collegiate.

Members of the Board of Education who attended were: Mr. W. T. Goodison, Mrs. W. J. Barber, Rev. John Hall, Mr. G. A. C. Andrew, Mr. H. B. Thompson, Mr. T. F. Towers and Mr. George Brown. As chairman of the board Mr. Goodison spoke a few words of welcome

to the citizens who showed interest in the school.

The diplomas and prizes were presented by members of the board and Col. C. S. Woodrow presented a shield to the Cadet Corps for work in the London district. Medals were also given to Keith Taylor, Earl Leckie, and Fergus Allaire for markmanship. Prizes were also given to those girls of the Commercial department who had gained honours along typewriting lines. Anna Vollmer was awarded the Bishop Fallon residence Scholarship of \$150 and also the prize of \$50 given by the Catholic Women's League. Harold Mills was awarded the scholarship for Sarnia Collegiate given by Western University.

The afternoon's program was pleasantly interspersed with musical selections by the school orchestra under Mr. Brush, a violin solo by Kenneth Zink, and vocal solos by Harold VanHorne. "The English Country Dance" was given by the girls of 2B and 2C. Miss Dorothy Willson played a piano solo and the girls of 3B and 3C gave a "German Folk Dance."

ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School is not as large this year as

in former years, but it is still as efficient as ever. Mr. Brush, the leader, is assisted by Atwood Ken-



ORCHESTRA

Standing—Mr. Brush (Director), Kenneth George, Atwood Kennedy, Hubert Potter, Bruce Dalziel, Charlie Brush.

Front Row—Bruce Prout, Helen Prout, Ruth Carter, Kenneth Zink, Vincent Norwood.

nedy at the piano, Helen Prout and Kenneth Zink 1st violins, Ruth Carter and Kenneth George 2nd violins, Charles Brush 1st trumpet, Bruce Dalziel 2nd trumpet, Vincent Norwood 2nd cornet, Hubert Potter 1st clarinet, Bruce Prout 2nd clarinet, and Mr. Dobbins bass.

The orchestra has assisted at most of the functions in the assembly hall, including the Circus and De-

bates. A program was put on by the Tuesday Musicale, in which the orchestra took a major part. The program consisted of violin solos played by K. Zink and Helen Prout, a piano solo by Atwood Kennedy, and several vocal selections.

The orchestra holds its practices Monday afternoons after four o'clock. The beginners' orchestra practises Tuesday evenings at eight o'clock.

RIFLE SHOOTING

The excellent results achieved by the cadets, on Cove Ranges, London, and in our own school are very commendable. This year, there was a very marked improvement in the teams especially in that entered in the King George Challenge Competition. The Miniature Rifle shooting has also been greatly improved, due largely to the interest and efforts of Captain Fielding.

On October 21, 1925, the school was represented at the King George Challenge Cup matches, at London,

and the team obtained second place at the meet. The previous year the school obtained eighth place in the same competition. With such improvement it may be hoped that Sarnia will be first in the District for 1926.

In the hundred yards event, Byron Spears and two other members of the team shot possibles, along with several cadets from other schools. In the shoot-off B. Spears won the gold medal and cash prize awarded for this event. B. Spears



RIFLE TEAM

Back Row—M. Hall, E. Hamilton, L. Cragg, S. Iverson, Mr. E. L. Fielding, J. Banting, K. Paltridge, L. Wemple.

Front Row—A. Lawson, E. Leckie, W. Arnold, V. Norwood, A. Alexander, B. Prout.

and K. Wise were awarded bronze medals for obtaining fourth and sixth places in the aggregate of one hundred and twenty-six cadets. A cash prize was given to the team for being second best on the range, and B. Spears, K. Wise and Earl Leckie also received cash award for being the best on Sarnia team..

For the D. C. R. A. winter series, the first senior team won first place in the district and eighth in Canada, and a special class certificate, while the second team received a second class certificate. K. Taylor with a

97% average won a First Class Badge and Strathcona Gold Medal for being the best shot in the school. K. Taylor, E. Leckie and F. Allaire also won special prizes.

Badges were awarded by the D.C. R.A. to fourteen members of the teams for averaging 90% in the above contest.

Cadets awarded badges by D.C.R. A. were: Arthur Alexander, F. Allaire, W. Arnold, L. Bryant, F. James, E. Leckie, F. Lewis, G. Patterson, W. Patterson, H. Potter, B. Spears, Keith Taylor, G. Tennant, F. Whitcombe, K. Wise.

AT HOME

The most important social event of the school year, the annual "At Home" was held on December the twenty-second. This event was well patronized by the ex-students, who, as there was no Alumni Dance, flocked to their Alma Mater, to join the students in celebrating. The

number attending the function was very encouraging.

The boys gymnasium was gaily and prettily decorated in the school colours, by means of streamers and drapes of crepe paper hanging from the gallery. The fixtures of the room were rendered exceedingly

colourful with ribbons, while branches of fir hid the plainer corners of the room most effectively. The orchestra under C. Laugher's direction situated in a daintily draped recess, played exceedingly well and were very generous with their encores. There were several novelty dances which added much to the already attractive program. There were also robber dances which introduced a friendly feeling among the dancers. Patrons and students alike joined in the merry whirl. During the evening fruit punch and cookies were served from side tables.

To everyone the evening proved a success and it was with many pangs

that the dancers left the floor to the strains of "Home Sweet Home."

The patrons and patronesses of the evening were: Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Goodison, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. C. Leaver, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dent, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Coles.

The committee in charge deserve great credit for the fine success of the evening. The committee:

Chairman—Cecil Banwell.

Decoration—Ruth Kirkpatrick.

Invitation—Winnifred Day.

Refreshment—Margaret Simpson.

Programme—Lloyd Hallam.

FIRST AID AND SIGNALLERS

One morning early in February Mr. Keeber announced that the school could enter a First Aid Team in the competition for the Wallace Rankin Nesbitt Shield offered annually. This competition is open to any Collegiate in Canada and the different schools are grouped in districts. About twelve boys turned out so we sent our entry to London and we were placed in District No. 1. The boys, however, were busily engaged in practising in order to make the Circus a success. On account of this we decided not to start a course of lectures until after the circus was over. In the meantime we secured the services of Dr. S. O. H. Jones, a newcomer to the city. He very kindly consented to give up his leisure hours and come to the school from four-thirty to six o'clock, two, three and even four times a week. We cannot express too much gratitude for the services rendered us by Dr. Jones. We all extend to him a hearty vote of thanks and hope that he will be back with us next year. We had just started our course of lectures when the Signalling Corps started. This too, kept some of the boys away but the rest kept on. We had had only about two weeks practice when we were notified that a

preliminary examination would take place.

On Wednesday, February 24, Colonel Murphy, M.O. Military District No. 1, arrived about one forty. By two o'clock the examination had commenced in Room 306. We were divided up into three teams of four men each. The Colonel asked each man several oral questions. Then each man was given a special piece of bandaging to do. The Colonel was very lenient with us. After the examination he complimented us on our showing and wished teams Nos. 1 and 2 that had made the grade the best of luck. We were a little sorry to hear recently, that Chatham had won the District Championship. This makes them eligible to compete with the winners of the other districts, and we wish them the best of luck. However, the writer feels sure that, if the teams had had a longer time in which to prepare and not so many drawbacks they would have made a much more creditable showing. This we hope to do next year. The Teams were:

No. 1—C. Frayne (captain), L. Kearns, H. Nethery, J. Richards.

No. 2—E. Moore (captain), F. Morrison, M. Bury, S. Ivinson.

No. 3—J. Gravelle (captain), V. Norwood, R. Mulligan, R. Tuck.

FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

As in former years, the first-formers were again tendered a reception by the seniors in the early part of October, 1925. The freshettes were obliged to wear all day long, much to their disgust, donkey's ears of bright green crepe paper to remind them that they were very very fresh. This proved quite a satisfactory method of squelching the rather flippant youngsters. However during the day the seniors were forced to resort to some exceedingly harsh measures before the law was properly enforced. Promptly at 7:45 p.m. that same evening each freshette arrived at the girls' gymnasium accompanied by her senior. As is the custom the new comers were introduced to the awe-inspiring seniors before the formal initiation. Following this "The Freshettes' Ten Commandments" were read in a most terrifying tone by Nadine Paterson. These rules impressed the freshies to a marked degree. The laws embodied serving and obeying the seniors in every little thing. They must not speak before spoken to, nor are they to forget that they are in complete subjection as far as the seniors are concerned.

Then the real initiation was begun. The girls were blindfolded and were led haltingly from the boys' gymnasium into that of the girls, where they were put through a severe grilling and had to promise

to carry out the "Ten Commandments" completely. As an accompaniment to this pledge the freshies' hands were placed in a delightfully sticky substance which proved on closer inspection to be Brer Rabbit Molasses. Then the stunts followed. The girls were divided up into groups of fifteen and each section was assigned a stunt. There were acrobatic feats and wheelbarrow races as well as singing competitions. These proved rather embarrassing for the freshettes, but in almost every case they succeeded in going through with them under threat of a dip in the swimming pool.

As the evening was fast wearing away, and as the seniors saw that starvation was beginning to show its drawn face in the ranks of the freshettes, a rush was made for the girls' gymnasium where delectable sandwiches, cakes and "chocolate mushrooms" were freely distributed. This way of serving the ice cream on sticks was very convenient after the awkward cans and plates formerly employed.

About 11:00 p.m. the reception ended and the girls left for home satisfied in both mind and body, feeling rather proud of this new position which they had gained. They were now full-fledged members of the student body of the good old S.C.I.

And thus another Freshettes' Reception was over.

RUGBY BANQUET

The annual rugby banquet was held this year at the Sanford Hotel. Among those present were Wilfred S. Haney, Ross (Dolly) Gray, Mr. Mills, Mr. Isaac Newton, and Mr. Asbury who acted as Toastmaster. After the banquet, toasts were proposed to the King, the Old Boys, the Coming Team and others, after which Howard Carter was elected

captain of next year's squad. This was a tribute to the long service and wonderful work of our centre half in the field. As an assistant to the new captain Gordon Mattingly was elected manager. The new captain and manager were toasted and then the most exciting of the gridiron battles were recounted. After this Dolly Gray gave his fare-



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE

Back Row—M. Simpson, M. Teskey, Miss Fenwick, Mr. Asbury, R. Kirkpatrick, M. Waghorne.
Front Row—J. Wheatcroft, M. Hall, H. Donald (President), G. McKay.

well speech to the team receiving as a token of appreciation an engraved cigarette case from the boys. The happy gathering dispersed after the singing of the national anthem. The

only regret of the evening was the absence of "Pat" Crompton and "Mike" Burleigh the fun makers of the team. The evening was finished with dancing at St. Andrew's Hall.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

On Monday, September 28, 1925, the first meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association for 1925-26 was held. At this session, nominations were taken for officers and the election day set. The elections took place some days later and a fine group of girls was elected to take over the reins for the coming year.

The following were elected to office:

President—Helen Donald.

Vice-President—Margaret Hall.

Secretary—Gwen McKay.

Treasurer—Jean Wheatcroft.

Later these girls met and the curators of the committees were named.

Basketball Curator—Ruth Kirkpatrick.

Baseball Curator—Helen Donald.

Hockey Curator—Muriel Teskey.

Swimming Curator—Edith Waghorne.

Social Manager—Margaret Simpson.

An appeal for membership in the association was made throughout the school, to which the girls heartily responded. The result was a marked increase in interest among the girls, but the fact still remains that this worthy institution does not even yet receive the support it should.

Field day was arranged for early in the Fall term and a fine list of events was drawn up. But owing to inclement weather it was impossible to run them off. All the girls' sports have been ably managed by this fine body this year.

W.O.S.S.A. ORATORY AND DEBATING TEAMS



W.O.S.S.A. DEBATERS AND ORATORS

Back Row—Florence Andrew, Marion Ellwood, Annie Leslie, Gwendolyn McKay, Margaret Bentley.
Front Row—Edwin Morrow, Tom McKay, Howard Stuart, Heber Nethery.

After the regular preliminary contest, Miss Annie Leslie and Mr. Edwin Morrow were chosen as the representatives of the school in the annual Wossa oratory competition.

These two students journeyed early in February to Strathroy Collegiate for the first round of the contest. Annie Leslie spoke on "Chivalry" but she was defeated by a Strathroy girl. Edwin Morrow chose "Peace" as his subject. However he was not successful. The decision went to a boy from De La-Salle School, London.

Along debating lines the school has been quite successful in 1924-25. After defeating teams from Windsor and from London Collegiates the Sarnia boys went to Kitchener as representatives in the semi-finals in the Wossa series. They were not successful however, losing to the more experienced Kitchener team.

The girls had more success than the boys when they travelled to

London Central Collegiate for the finals in the Girls' Wossa series, upholding the negative side of the subject "Resolved that heredity has done more for mankind than environment" they defeated the London team. Because of this victory the debaters, Miss Marion Henderson and Miss Gwen McKay, carried the shield back to the S.C.I. & T.S.

In the 1925-26 series Mr. Heber Nethery and Mr. Tom McKay defeated Woodstock Collegiate team at Woodstock. They supported the negative side of the subject "Resolved that Canada should have unrestricted immigration." Heber Nethery and Howard Stewart are now preparing to enter the finals.

The first debate in the girls' contest was held toward the end of January at the Sarnia Collegiate. Miss Florence Andrews and Miss Marian Edwards supported the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved that the senate of Canada should be abolished," against a team

from London South Collegiate. They were successful.

On February 26, Margaret Bentley and Gwen McKay went to Alma College, St. Thomas for the semi-finals. They supported the affirmative side of the subject "Resolved

that the world owes more to navigation than to railways." They lost by a very small margin to the Alma College team.

The interest in this side of school life has been constantly increasing and it is well worthy of the support of every student of the school.

CADET CORPS

The annual inspection of the Cadet Corps was held on May 20 with Col. Gillespie as inspecting officer. The corps of last year under R. Gleed Workman, O.C., was one of the largest and best drilled battalions that the school has ever produced.

Prior to the inspection at the campus the cadets marched through the city, Col. Gillespie taking the salute at the Vendome Hotel. Upon their return to the school Col. Gillespie made his inspection of the various units. Exhibitions of Battalion, Company and Platoon drill were given as well as demonstrations in Signalling and First Aid. Col. Gillespie at the conclusion of the First Aid exhibition addressed the cadets and complimented them upon their appearance and general proficiency.

It is worthy of note that last

year's corps won the shield, for second place in the general proficiency contest held in M.D. 1. Great credit is due Gleed Workman and his staff assisted by Major McNally and Sgt. Major Hewitt for the splendid showing of the battalion.

The following is the list of officers of last year's battalion:

O. C., Gleed Workman; Adj., E. Kennedy; Captains, St. C. Parsons, H. D. VanHorne; Lts. C. Banwell, F. Burwell, C. Teskey, L. Hallam, L. Millman, R. Brown, H. Harkins, H. Carter, W. Scott, G. McPhail; B.S.M., J. Walsh; C.S.M., W. Callum and R. Nicol.

The officers for 1926 are: O.C., R. Nicol; Adj. H. Carter; Cpts., L. Hallam, St. C. Parson; Lts., Banwell, Burwell, Teskey, Potter, Maitland, W. Callum, R. Brown, J. Walsh; B.S.M., G. McVean; C.S.M., Gordon Mattingly.

TEA DANCE

An informal Tea Dance as usual followed the annual inspection of cadets. The soldierly uniforms of the boys mingling with the gay spring frocks of the girls made a pleasant sight. Dancing was carried on from five to seven o'clock.

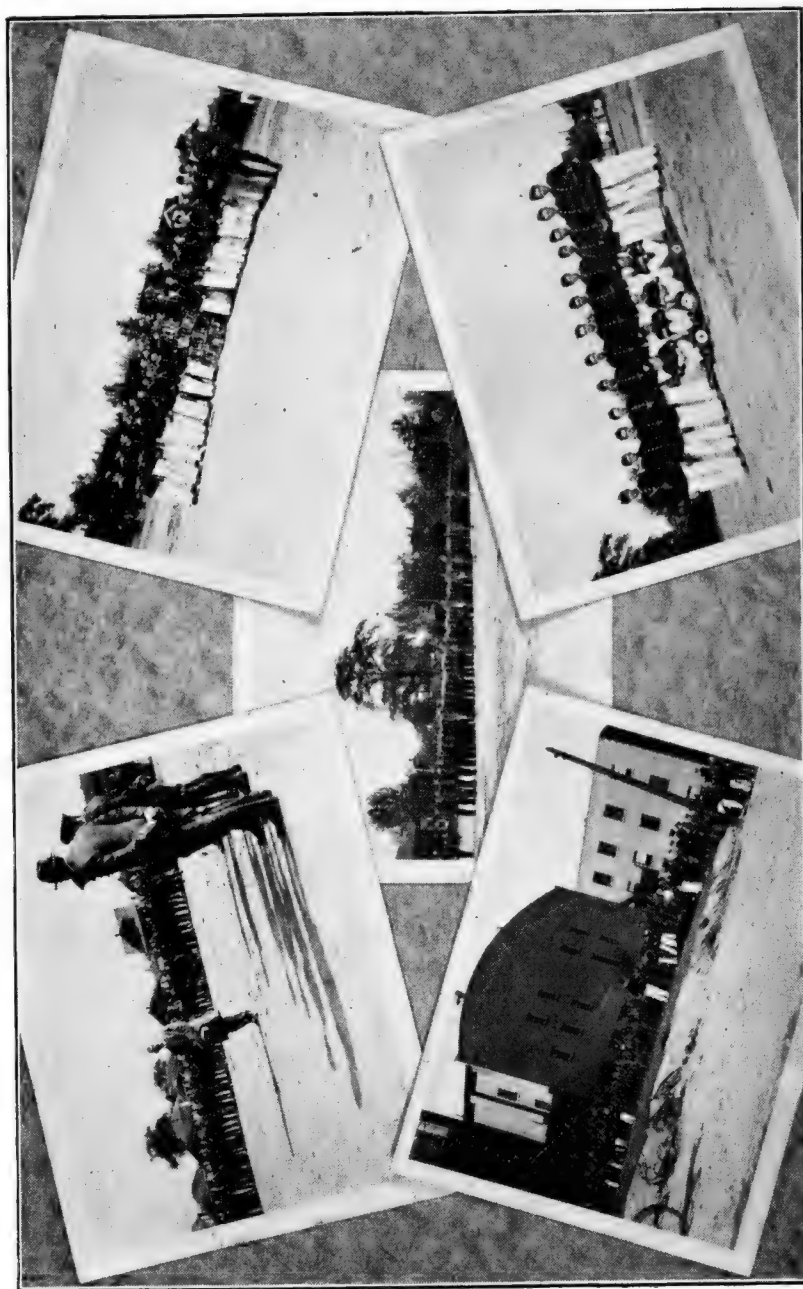
The school orchestra with Atwood Kennedy at the piano was present. Light refreshments were served during the intermission. This function closed the school activities for the year as examinations were but a few weeks off.

SKATING ON THE SCHOOL RINK

No spot in Sarnia has afforded its younger set more pleasure this winter than the school rink. Centrally situated, the rink attracts hundreds

of skaters every evening, for skating holds sway over all other winter attractions.

What can equal an evening spent



CADET CORPS INSPECTION, MAY 1925.

on glistening skates, a graceful partner on your arm, the blood whipped to your face by the crisp, cold air of a winter evening. Carnival nights have proved a success despite the mysterious "hoodoo"

which seems to hover over our carnivals. Our thanks go to the men who so faithfully care for our rink to keep its surface smooth and hard for the silver blades of the ever-present pleasure seekers.

INDOOR CIRCUS

In Febraury the second indoor circus in the history of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School was held in the auditorium of the school. Ultimate success, due to the directorship of Mr. Keeber and Miss Fenwick coupled with the hearty co-operation of the students, attended this new student activity.

The pupils, resolved that the public should not be disappointed in their support, toiled faithfully so that the circus might be a big success. Not only were they repaid for their labour by a capacity house on the opening night, but the splendid manner in which the audience received their numbers, spurred them on even to greater effort in the succeeding performances.

Behind the screens just a faint suggestion of stage-fright was betrayed but this soon disappeared when the opening selection from the orchestra was finished and the curtain arose.

Each number, from the introductory exhibition given by the boys on the parallel bars to the final "Dance of the Springtime" was executed faultlessly. Mr. Keeber, resumed his old rôle of clown and was assisted by Mr. Greenleaf, who deserves special mention for his admirable cartoon work.

On the whole the programme was exceptionally well handled and the numbers were skillfully arranged. Mr. Keeber's coaching was responsible for some splendid work in con-

nection with the parallel bars and pyramids.

The ability of the girls was clearly shown in their wand drill, the dumbell drill and Indian Pantomine, and speaks well for the efforts of Miss Fenwick. Miss Mary MacIntyre repeated her success of the last circus in her dance contribution, "The Spanish Shawl." Much credit is also due to the presentation of the "Statues" and the "Trip to Corunna." Then too, the "Radio" and the "Pipe Organ" were not only extremely original but just as entertaining acts. The selections rendered by the Male Quartet were musical numbers that were exceptionally well received.

Mr. Keeber kept the audience in tantalizing suspense in his "Balloon" offering. The fact that he kept the spectators in hysterical laughter is only a repetition of his success as astronomist in the last circus. The "Battle Royal" and the "Dance of the Springtime" provoked much mirth among the youthful element of the audience.

All performances were attended by a splendid audience which was loud in its praise of the students' ability and the admirable coaching of the performers. Although this new venture has not been established as an annual affair in the students' activity, judging from the success of the two circuses this school has presented, any future endeavour along this line will meet with the same good fortune.

SCHOLARSHIPS

There were two outstanding achievements in the academic year. Miss Anna Vollmer was awarded the Bishop Fallon residence scholarship of \$150, offered by the Ursaline College of Arts, tenable at Brescia Hall, London, and was also awarded the prize of \$50 by the Catholic Women's League for the student obtaining the highest standards, and preceeding to a higher educational establishment.

Mr. Harold Mills was awarded the Scholarship for Sarnia Collegiate Institute, granted by the University of Western Ontario, and entitling him to two years free tuition at University College, London, valued at \$100. He also ranked for the Latin proficiency scholarship.

Miss Vollmer writing 13 papers had firsts in nine of them, while Mr. Mills had four firsts out of 11 papers.

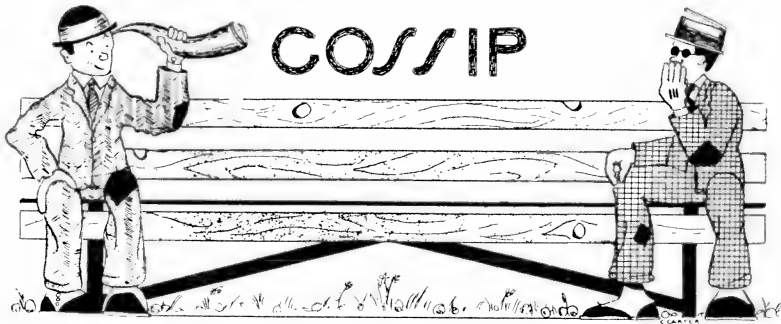


So on top of the ladder,
At such a dizzy height,
THE TRAMP blew into the bladder:
And puffed with all his might!

And as the balloon expanded,
Filled with mirth and glee,
"Look at it now!" he demanded;
"Look at it now; can't you see?"

But woe to that frolicsome vagabond;
For the ladder began to sway; and—
Down fell the poor old vagabond ! ! !
And this is the end of my lay.

C-A-R-P, 2B, Coll,



If you happen to hear anyone saying, "This is the worst school for gossip I have ever heard of," you may feel justified in asking them, "Well what have you been doing?"

* * * *

Who is the wise man that was heard to remark that he did not wish to marry until he had finished school, when one of the lady members of the faculty threatened to take his name if he did not behave?

* * * *

We are still wondering who it was that tried ruining Miss Ferguson's reputation by telling weird tales of a thirty page essay fluttering unlooked at into the basket. Account you villain for an increase in homework.

* * * *

Since the basketball game with Walkerville Ted's favourite song has been, "Brown Eyes, Why Are You Black."

* * * *

And so Doris sprained her ankle Now here is a little advice for you Doris, take your roller skates the next time you go buggy riding.

* * * *

What's this we hear about Fred Whitcombe frequenting the vicinity of George St.? Perhaps he likes the atmosphere of the Fire Hall. Who knows?

* * * *

No push, no go, wearily lament Jerry Dwight and Cease as they valiantly aid Lizzie on her way towards the gas station. Did I hear someone ask when this all happened? Why after the game with Alma College of course.

* * * *

Luncheon then the theatre make up an ideal afternoon says Hanson. The question is—Who is the lady in the case?

* * * *

Is there any truth in the rumor that Dayton Stover has accepted a position to pose for the Palmolive Soap ad—"Keep that schoolgirl complexion."

* * * *

We wonder if the boys have yet gathered up all their belongings after their hasty exit from the bus at Guelph which reminds one of the story of the Scotchman who fried his bacon in lux so it would not shrink.

* * * *

Speaking of the game in Guelph. We are still in doubt as to the reason why Jerry McVean and Bruce Maitland extended their journey as far as Toronto,

Have you heard about the cafe in the centre of the St. Clair tunnel? Neither have we.

* * * *

Will scientific wonders never cease. Mr. Grant has discovered a new disease known as "Soup on the brain." "This disease is prevalent chiefly during latin classes," says the discoverer.

* * * *

We have heard of girls spraining their ankles walking home but never their wrists. O yes! Ruth it is all right for you to tell us how it happened. We arn't so dumb.

* * * *

Will someone kindly drop in and explain to us under what conditions Stover remarked, "Oh boys, please comb my hair."

* * * *

Tom Baird's dream of playing Horatius at the Bridge was hopelessly damped when Mr. Dennis told him to clean up the water he had spilled. The experiment however resulted in a bravely attempted daily dozen and a demonstration of Miss Glaab at the Charleston.

* * * *

Mr. Dobbins of our orchestra often talks very strenuously to his horn, but the response is always the same—Blah!

* * * *

Ah! Ah! Bob Smith so you are attending teas and dancing lessons. Keep away Bob, keep away, it is bad for a schoolboy's nerves.

* * * *

Car riding is usually considered as being bad for the heart. We have been wondering whether the fact that Miss Cruickshank drives Mr. Eberlee to school every morning has had anything to do with his recent illness.

* * * *

If anyone wishes to know anything about blowouts, running out of gas, or sleepless nights ask Lackie, he went to London with the rifle team.

* * * *

Everyone has heard stories of the famous Pat and Mike but have you heard the one about them running away. Pat worked in a cigar store while Mike exercised his household abilities on the unoffending dishes of St. Louis.

* * * *

Don't give up hope Marion, even though Mr. Andrews does say he is past that stage, a little thing like that should not discourage you.

* * * *

A fourth former spouting Ancient History, "After he was elected he was defeated." But was that any worse than Miss Harris saying William Pitt once played the cornet in the army?

* * * *

Who are the happy couple in 5th form that take advantage of the fact that Mr. Grant does not mind where they sit as long as they sit?

* * * *

What a bright little steno. Margaret McCormick has turned out to be. Though her aspirations have risen so high that she even wishes to beam on the typewriter mechanic she seems to be satisfied if one of our budding orators will read speeches for her to type.

* * * *

Ross Nichol is still as bright a student as ever. He has been trying to get in touch with Flamin' Maimie for he thinks they might have some sympathies in common.

Miss Harris does become slightly annoyed at times. One day she was trying to accuse Gaius Gracchius with using a pitchfork to curb his rising temper and a short time afterward she threatened to take the back off one of the desks and bat poor Brucie over the head with it.

* * * *

"On with the dance." We wonder how a few of our hotsy totsy cave-men felt when they found themselves under the sheltering protection of some little inexperienced "Freshie?"

* * * *

Cheer up! Mr. Grant still has bright futures mapped out for us. Though he has not as yet suggested selling buggy whips in Detroit some of the 5th form students have been advised to get their shovels as the city is in need of ditch diggers.

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We wonder where the two loving-cups are that the Senior Rugby team brought home from Guelph.

* * * *

Pat and Mike and a few others seemed to like the Guelph Hotsies pretty well, judging from the manner in which they said farewell.

* * * *

We heard in St. Thomas that Johnny Manore was married and had a family. Grandpa Manore.

* * * *

The way the Basketball team stole candy in a restaurant in Strathroy didn't speak very well for the moral standards of our school.

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We wonder if Carter has yet realized his ambition of catching the 4:20 a.m. street car home.

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There is no need of the full length mirrors of which Mr. Anglin spoke, as long as Lloyd and Cease continue to wear their shiny blue suits.

* * * *

Numerous inquiries have been made as to the personnel of the quartet who so ably rendered that old standby "Show me the way to go home," at 4 a.m. on the Red Store corner after the Military Ball.

* * * *

We wonder how the name "Sticky" Wheatcroft originated.

* * * *

Pat Crompton certainly showed us that he believes in hasty but affectionate farewells when the girls played basketball in Watford.

* * * *

We hope everyone enjoyed the tally-ho to the Blue Water Inn, that boys of the school tendered the girls.

* * * *

Who was the girl in 4A who couldn't keep a Sunday night date, got mad, went to bed and left her sister to answer the door? But her sister stayed in the kitchen and wouldn't let the sheik in although he knocked and rang four different times.

* * * *

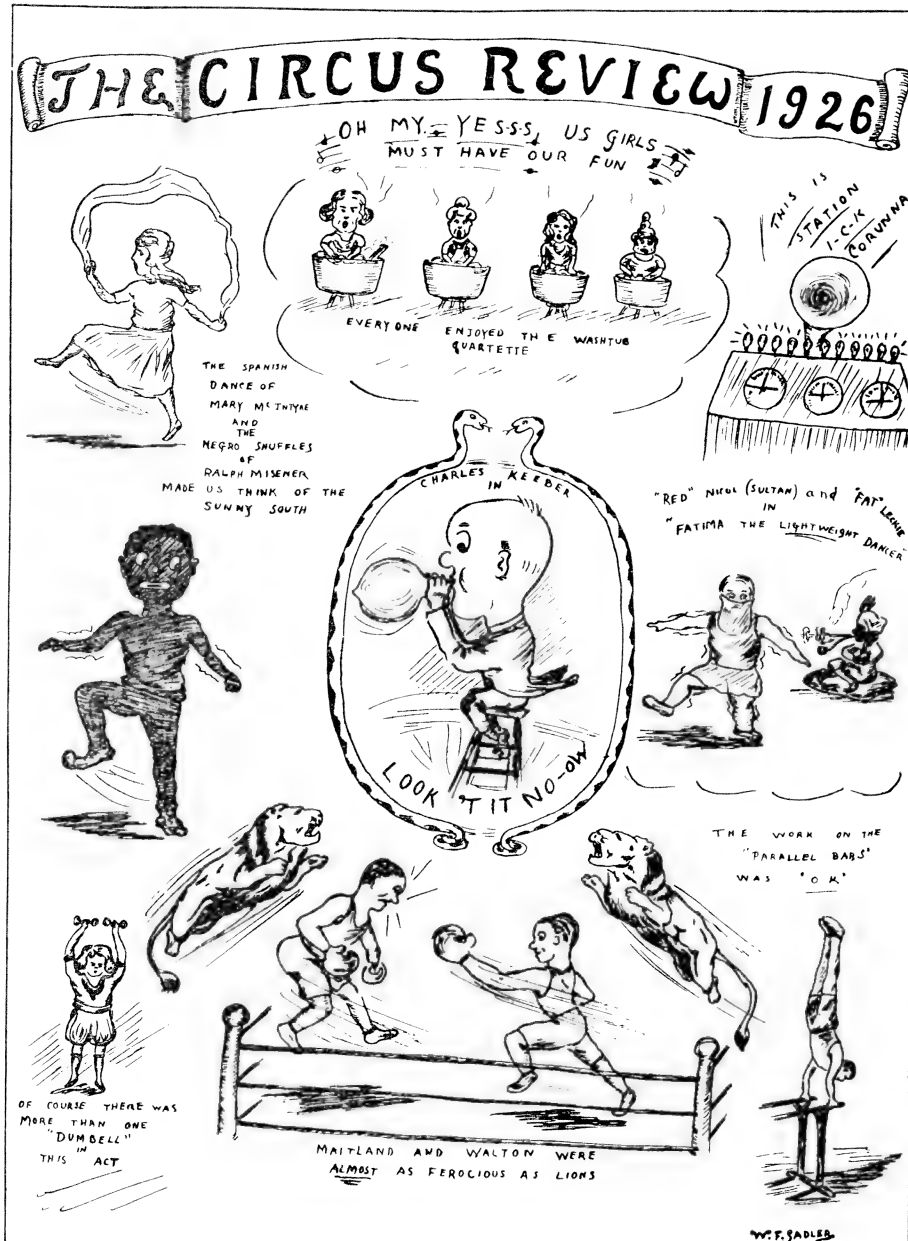
There were two or three young chaps in V. who were heard to say that they could go with any girl in the school. We wonder who they are.

* * * *

Where did these nick-names originate: "Father" Jennings, "Hot-Lips" Hallam, "Honey" Banwell, "Larry" Simmons and "Brown Eyes" Teskey?

* * * *

Hallam and Banwell seem to think they can do the "Merry Widow" waltz. Does anybody else?





BY WESTERN SEA

By Nadine Booth Paterson, V.

(This story is the winner of the medal in the "Collegiate" short story competition judged by Miss Brown, Miss Ferguson and Miss Pugh).

THE west wind was blowing up through the Jaguar Gate, bearing with it the clean tang of the seas. Under its increasing force, the green waves of Caldina Bay began to curl in the sunlight, and beat in rumbling undertones against the encircling limestone cliffs. On the landward side of the bay almost directly opposite the tortuous channel of the Gate, one could see a broad beach of shell-white sand. Here, the rock wall that rose everywhere else in sheer perpendicularity, had broken away, and the black, ramshackle huts of Eldon, sinister fishing village of the Caldine coast, sprawled up the steep, terraced slope, clinging to every ledge and outjutting crag.

On a narrow plateau, just under the brow of the heights, Joachim Henneslaer, Red Henneslaer the Blind, stood in the door of his cabin, leaning the weight of his huge stooped body, upon a knotted cane. His heavy brows were contracted in a frown, and his shaggy head was thrust forward so intently, that it seemed as if those blank, colourless eyes, must surely be staring at some perceptible object, far out beyond the towering portals of the bay. A long dark cloak whipped about his massive shoulders, and his fiery curling hair blew unheeded across his

face, tangling itself in the hoops of the carved bronze rings that pierced his ears. As he stood there, a hunched moody giant, impervious to the buffets of the rising gale, he might have been a Teach, or an England, peering forth from his eyrie on the rugged coasts of San Domingo, or Madagascar.

And did one carefully explain the comparison to them, the sea-folk of Eldon would probably flash white teeth in an appreciative smile, and nod their black locks in agreement. For it was known to them that Joachim Henneslaer had spent a great space of his youth in China seas, and upon those shadowed years, they chose to cast a flare of scarlet. This building of fantasy upon mystery appealed to the imagination of a race, in whose pulse beat the fire of the Black Captains of Caldinia. Only a short century ago, Eldon high-flung, rock-girt village, had borne a fearsome reputation up and down the length of the Caldine sea board. Low furtive galleys were wont to glide out of the menacing gloom of the Jaguar Gate, and the masters of clumsy wallowing merchantmen cursed vengefully, and gave the bleak cliffs a wide berth. Modern gun-boats, and armed patrols had forcefully calmed the wreckless free-booting of old; but

the fishing smacks returning, still often carried hidden deep in their reeking holds, square heavy bales, and soft, queer lettered cartons, that contained neither herring, nor halibut, nor cod.

Instead of warships, revenue cutters had acquired the habit of slinking about; and stray, suspicious looking fishing craft were held up for summary investigation. More often than not, the signalled luggers hove blandly to. While their captains, tongue in cheek, yet facial expressions of injured innocence and dignity, zealously conducted the ensuing search. Occasionally however, it happened that the smugglers were cornered, with neither time nor opportunity to dispose of their cargoes of contraband. Then the revenueurs peremptory hail was met with booming guns, and swift flight.

It was after one of these running battles, that three grim-mouthed seamen had carried Richard Henneslaer into the presence of his wife and year-old son, with his wavy red hair, dark and sticky, and a round black hole in the center of his white forehead.

Frieda Henneslaer did not weep. In the course of the violent centuries, the women of Eldon had learned to abstain from open grief. But her gray eyes were dazed, unbelieving, and her hand clenched and unclenched the cradle-coverlet, until little Joachim stirred, and sat up with a wailing cry.

After it was all over, Frieda went back to her daily tasks, turning an impassive face to the sympathy of the village. But during the six dragging years she remained alive, she satisfied her insatiable longing for revenge by inculcating her son, with all her terrible unreasoning hatred of the law.

Fast learning the daring trickery of the smuggler, the boy grew up, with his father's flaming hair and powerful frame, and his mother's cool grey eyes. With his natural contempt for authority increased by

Frieda's half-insane teachings, he plunged with all the force of his great strength and keen intelligence, into the fascinating game that all Eldon played. Perhaps the blood of the Black Captains flowed more strongly in his veins passing to him their heritage of courage and cunning. Whatever the influence, Red Henneslaer became a flitting demon along the Caldine coast; evading its armed guardians on land and sea; establishing hidden undiscoverable retreats among the hills; flashing his mocking grin in the face of the apoplectic law, as he ran illicit cargoes of silks, and tea, and wine.

With the seafarers of Eldon, the hazards of the smuggler's life had long served to still the riotous craving for conflict and adventure. But for their red-headed leader, Caldinia was too constricted a space, when there was the whole broad world to wander in. So at twenty, neither stating his mission, or even saying farewell, Joachim Henneslaer vanished from the coast. During the ten years that followed, only an occasional whisper drifted into Eldon. He was in the far east, had touched at Singapore, Canton, Calcutta, had been seen in Borneo, and the Dyak villages of Malaysia.

Then, as abruptly as he went, he was back again, a silent, sun-blackened giant, with great carved rings dangling from his ears. A thin yellow man of the orient came with him, keeping always at his side, helping, directing, until, watching his fixed gaze, and faltering, uncertain step, the fisher-folk knew with horror that he was blind.

Apparently with his sight, had also gone the reckless bravado, and broad kindliness of old. This man was a new Henneslaer, morose, withdrawn. One who seemed content to stand motionless forever, with his discontented face turned seaward; who repulsed their rough welcome with an indifference which left them in hurt, and astonished bewilderment.

Had it not been for his queer com-

panion they would have left Henneslaer to his lonely devices. But the little man of the orient attracted their curious interest, with his flapping, colourful clothes and black, oily queue, hanging almost to his knees. But he seemed oblivious to the staring eyes, as he went efficiently about the task of installing his big helpless master in the little plateau cottage that had been empty for so many years.

The first Henneslaer, had built that cabin of heavy ship timber. The kitchen and two tiny bedrooms, were much the same as the other houses of Eldon. But a luxury in finish and furnishing had been lavished upon the long living-room that no other dwelling could approach. The room extended all the way across the front of the cottage. Two large, square-paned windows on either side of the door admitted a flood of light. Heavy blackened beams, supported the low roof, and the ceiling between was plastered with brown clay. The same mixture had been applied to the walls, with the addition of little brightly coloured pebbles. All sorts of odd articles were hung there, barbed fishing spears, and dried sea-birds' wings, mingled with gaudy prints of sailing ships. Several rusted guns of the blunderbuss period were suspended by the trigger-guards, from long spikes. In one corner, the tattered folds of a tapestry panel, and yards of faded, musty silks, were draped from a beam. A huge fire-place of granite blocks took up one entire end of the room. Crinkled sea-shells were piled upon the broad mantle-piece, amid a jumble of copper hooks and reels of cord. Two massive carved candlesticks rose from the debris at either end. Above the shelf, in heavy, embossed scabbards, two rapiers were crossed. A threadbare carpet covered the broad planks of the floor, and along the wall stood several heavy iron-bound chests. A mohair sofa stood under one of the windows, and upholstered chairs were scattered here

and there, in various stages of tattered and time-worn dissolution.

The little Chinaman stood looking at that discouraging interior without a sign of emotion. His sardonically tilted mouth might have drawn down a little, but that was all. Seizing one of the chairs, a squat, armed affair, covered with worn red velvet, he hauled it over in front of the fire-place, gave a sigh of satisfaction, and proceeded to clean up. There were many things in that room, that had been there since the time when the skull and cross bones floated at the Eldon masts. But the oriental was no respecter of traditions. Out came the ancient silks and carpet, the mouldy feathers and pictures and tapestry. The big red chair was reserved for Henneslaer, but most of the rest were relegated to parts unknown.

Women of Eldon are much the same as other women of the world. The sight of this masculine house-cleaning, emboldened several to offer their assistance. Henneslaer, slouched listlessly in the red velvet chair by the fire, listened fitfully to their conversation. Only occasionally did he reply, and then in a vague tone, which showed his thoughts to be far away. While the yellow man, his slant eyes glowing resentfully, slid about on padded feet, like a restless and annoyed cat. Puzzled, and a little afraid, the good housewives withdrew. Nor did anyone again attempt to intrude upon the strange partnership.

The men wondered if Joachim Henneslaer had come back to stay. During his long absence, an exasperated government had almost obliterated smuggling from their domain. They had looked eagerly upon the red leader's return as a surety that the trade would revive again as in the old days. His blindness, and desire to be left alone, had disappointed them. But they were not completely disheartened, until they watched him stand day after day in the door of his cabin, with

his sightless eyes turned seaward. Then at last they realized that the hope had been in vain.

In the evening when the strident horns of the returning fishing fleet were sounding up through the Jaquar Gate, Joachim Henneslaer paced tirelessly up and down the sand, with the little celestial running beside him, talking to him ceaselessly, in high-pitched, sing song tones. Often, to the curious eyes of Eldon, Henneslaer seemed to be pleading, expostulating. Then the little man's voice would grow softer, and he would sooth and pet him, like a child that wishes to do something it should not, and must be coaxed and cajoled into compliance.

Gradually, as month slipped into month, and year into year, these scenes ceased, and thereafter, they walked silently. The blind man's shoulders grew bent. His face wrinkled in deep, hard lines. Only his flaming hair showed no tinge of gray, no fading touch of age. Unhindered, it fell almost to his waist in heavy, smouldering waves. The little oriental grew wizened and stooped, getting more and more feeble each day.

Only then did Henneslaer break his silence towards the village. Hesitatingly, and somewhat timidly, he asked Helda Madurmo to take charge of his cottage. Helda, curiosity paramount, welcomed the invitation. Stout and capable, she entered like a devastating whirlwind, brushed the cowering Chinese aside, and forthwith proceeded to take command. Several times she attempted to discover the little man's name, but he only slunk out of her way, sputtering in his own language, a variety of what Helda was sure must be terrible and dreadful things. So she settled the matter by calling him Ching, at which he only sputtered the more.

Toward Joachim, she evinced the protectiveness of an affectionate and exceedingly feathery hen. Her heavy feet clumped with a hitherto unaccustomed rapidity and her

black untidy hair flew in strings and streamers, as she rushed to fulfil his slightest request. Her flat, round face beamed in self-satisfaction, while she fussily added here and there, a little touch of comfort to the too methodical home.

Feminine Eldon, with sarcastic innuendo, discussed the fact that Helda had taken to wearing vividly striped kerchiefs, and her hitherto drab, clumsy dresses had acquired rainbow hues. The immediate result of this blaze of colour was to awe Ching into a reverent silence. Upon Henneslaer's darkness, naturally there was no effect. Nor had Helda had any such thought in mind. The metamorphosis was merely an expression of her exuberant feeling, for gradually under the irresistible force of her enveloping geniality, his mask of morbid despair was wearing away.

Now it was Helda who guided his unsteady feet to the door of the cabin, when the wind was blowing, and the horns of the fleet were echoing from the entrance of the Gate. Helda, who, from one of the fishing captains, procured the heavy knotted stick he carried. Awkward, pleasant Helda who served unquestioningly, attempting to anticipate his every wish.

Yet in the evening, when Joachim Henneslaer was installed in his deep chair before the blazing fire, she noticed, with a twitch of pain on her kindly patient face, that it was to the little man of the Orient, he turned with groping fingers, and high-pitched, inexplicable words upon his lips. What tongue they spoke she did not know, nor had she ever gained the slightest hint of an explanation of the mystery they presented: the puzzle that had kept Eldon in ignorance for eighteen years.

On this day, late in the afternoon, Helda, had, with her usual anxious carefulness, directed the blind giant to the cabin door. There was more than a hint of storm in the wind-gusts that came whining across the

bay. That Joachim's thoughts too were stormy, one might guess from the moody tenseness of his posture, and the scowl that drew down the corners of his big, determined mouth. To Helda this mood was merely another one of his fits back again. She had no other explanation. Perhaps the little man she called Ching could have told her had he wished.

The sun was sinking, and from over the blue water came the murmur of horns, which increased to a harsh blaring, as one by one, square, black sailing ships came slipping through the Jaguar Gate. Eldon's fishing fleet was returning from distant waters. Smuggling was no longer profitable or safe, and the seamen had turned at last to fishing, as more than a mere screen for more sinister enterprises. The larger fish markets of the coast, a little sceptical at first had come to know them well.

Joachim Henneslaer, leaning upon his heavy stick in the door of his lofty cabin, fancied he could almost hear the splashes as the anchors let go, and the skiffs dropped from the davits for the shoreward pull.

Helda, to whom the arrival of the fleet was an event, which only complete disability might ignore, appeared from the back of the cottage, with a white, knitted shawl thrown hastily over her head. Brushing back the greasy locks that dangled at either side, she shaded her eyes to watch the approaching boats. Abruptly she gave a frantic exclamation, that caused Henneslaer to move his shaggy head inquiringly. He rarely spoke to her.

"It's a stranger," she explained. "They're bringing a stranger." Then, more positively and excitedly. "Captain Ratta has a woman in his boat." The blind man gave no sign that he had heard. So Helda did not waste time. With lumbering haste, she began to clamber down the path. But before she had gone very far, the boats had grated to a stop upon the sand below. With

all the gracious suavity that his buccaneering grand-father might have shown to a captive Spanish Countess, Captain Ratta assisted his passenger out. Then, evidently with a purpose decided beforehand, he pointed out the winding, precipitous path, that was the main and only street of Eldon.

As they went up, passing shack after shack, Helda, already panting from her exertions, retraced her steps. There was no need of going to meet the object of her curiosity, when that object was so evidently coming to meet her. The party was now only a short distance below. Undoubtedly their destination was the plateau cabin. Helda noted that the visitor was young, very young, and short, and slender. She wore a dark-brown fur-trimmed suit that awoke something akin to worship in the fisher woman's heart; her pale watery eyes had already been glancing longingly from those little gold-clad feet to her own shapeless boots. As they stepped up to the cabin level, Helda noted that the girl's face was dark, almost swarthy, and her eyes black and sparkling, had something in their shape and position, that reminded her of Ching. Her hair she could not see. A small, tight-fitting hat such as Eldon had never known existed came down over her ears, and, in front, shaded those baffling eyes. Captain Ratta looked around, realized that his presence was superfluous, and withdrew, with a sweeping obeisance.

The stranger stood looking uncertainly at Helda, bulking before her. Then quickly her eyes flashed past, to that grim figure in the door of the cabin.

"Ah, Joachim Henneslaer," she said.

Henneslaer had neither moved, or spoken during the noise of the girl's arrival. Now he gave no evidence that he had heard her speak. The amazed, and slightly frightened Helda, suddenly awoke to her duties as official housekeeper. Requesting the visitor to follow her, she took

Joachim's arm with much solicitous care, and led him into the cabin, to his big chair by the fire. When she turned around, the girl had followed her in, and was sitting upon a low settee with her narrowed eyes upon Henneslaer's face. Apparently, his insensibility to her presence was exasperating her, for there were little pin-points of fire in those eyes, that reminded Helda of a young panther her brother had once brought back from Prado. Suddenly she felt that she needed Ching's moral support in this tableau. As she scuttled for the door, she saw that the blind man was stirring restlessly, as if those burning eyes were penetrating even his world of darkness.

The Chinese was crouched in a corner of the tiny, white-washed kitchen, carving and whittling the oddly shaped piece of wood, that now took up most of his time. To Helda's authoritative summons, and pointing finger, he paid not the slightest heed. At last, with an exasperated determination, the annoyed woman picked him up bodily, shoved him inside the room she had left, and shut the door. She was somehow afraid to be in the same place with that girl and her panther eyes.

The little Chinaman, dazed at the suddenness of his ejection, stood looking uncertainly at the smoky beams, and the brown clay walls. Then, shocking his bewildered senses into instant clearness, a flood of musical, fluctuating words came across the room. It had been many years since the yellow man had heard his own language from the lips of a woman. His parchment face crinkled into a pleased smile, and he answered the greeting. But as his eyes focussed upon the narrow olive face, they widened in stark unbelief. He shook his grizzled head violently, as if trying to dispel an hallucination. Like a sleep-walker, or an hypnotic, he went slowly over to where she was sitting. There was a reverent wonder, in his old eyes, a stark incredul-

ity, that slowly changed to dawning belief, and an ecstatic joy. As a courtier of Machti might have done, he bowed low, and stepped aside.

After her first words, the girl ignored the Chinese. She was speaking, softly, biting to Henneslaer, who sat with his head bowed over his cane, his great shoulders quivering, as if to ward off something he could not understand, but of which he had a warning premonition. The carved bronze hoops glistened amid his fiery hair. Leaning forward the girl touched them as a devotee might touch a shrine.

"Those are peculiar rings you wear" she said. "They are from India, are they not? Have you ever been in India? In Drangon, perhaps? Don't you remember the yellow river that lapped the walls of Anand Rao's palace, and the almond trees that leaned over it? There was a little Mahratta princess who walked in that garden twenty years ago. Why do you stare at me so blankly? Why don't you speak? Joachim Henneslaer, have you forgotten Balkis?"

Through those bent, massive shoulders went a shudder that seemed to rock the very foundations of his being, his cane dropped to the floor, and his great hands closed upon the oak arms of the chair with a force that brought blood dripping from beneath the nails.

"Ah, yes." There was bitter mockery in her voice. He has forgotten the garden, and the princess, and the red-haired white man who came sliding up under the wall in a sampan one evening and talked to her. After that, his schooner often anchored in the river, did it not? For almost two years, he kept coming after every voyage to stroll under the trees, and tell her of his country, and the world he knew. Then he told her he loved her, and pleaded with her to come with him. She was a rajah's daughter—but she loved him—are you beginning to remember the rest Joachim Henneslaer? One night she took off the

carved bronze earrings she wore and placed them in his ears. He promised never to remove them. That is at least one promise he has not broken, Red Henneslaer is it not? Well, they planned at last, to run away. He came in a skiff in the darkness, with his Chinese first mate. Anand Rao had learned. There was a fight. She was taken back to the palace; and he fled, Joachim Henneslaer—he fled and he never returned—tho Balkis waited for sixteen years.”

Henneslaer was shaking as if with ague. When he spoke his voice sounded far far away. “Everything seemed to get dark suddenly—Chinda took me away—I couldn’t see—I didn’t know.”

“Couldn’t see what, Joachim Henneslaer? Didn’t know what? Yes there are a great many things that you did not know. For instance, perhaps you did not know that there was a little daughter of yours, who grew up in Anand Rao’s palace. A little girl with flaming hair, to whom her mother, Balkis explained her heritage. A hated, despised little girl, who was early sent to England, that her very life might be spared. Yes it was you, Joachim Henneslaer. Dare you deny it? Speak—what are you looking like that for?” She clenched her hands in fury.

But the little Chinese had come between them now, high, quavering words gushed from his bloodless lips, his wrinkled hands were curled in claws. He was speaking of fighting, one could feel it, in the passionate rise and fall of his voice. The girl leaned forward tensely, wide-eyed. Gradually, the fire in the Celestial’s voice died out, the words came slowly, sadly, then ended in a few short, quick phrases, that might have been an explanation or a command, but sounded from his wither-

ed lips like the crack of a whip.

The stranger had arisen to her feet. She took one uncertain step forward, then another. At last, with an impulsive rush, she leaned over the hunched, crouching figure in the big red velvet chair. Her light fingers brushed those sightless eyeballs with the gentleness of thistledown.

“Blind? you are blind?” she said questioningly. “They blinded you and your chinese mate here took you away? Ah! Balkis will understand.”

Had there been anyone in the room but a decrepit, aged oriental, and a blind man, they would have seen the tremendous effort she was making to take this revelation calmly. It was impossible.

Helda, sitting in the kitchen with her feet in the oven, heard a sigh that rose to almost a wail. Curiosity struggled with her fear for a moment, but as was usual with Helda, curiosity won. As quietly as possible, she scrambled to her feet, and crept stealthily across the room. Just as her fingers touched the door, it opened and Ching slipped softly out. As Helda started to brush past him, he grasped her arm. The fisherwoman gathered that he did not wish her to enter. This, first, and only attempt to question her actions, aroused her most righteous indignation. It was supremely ridiculous. Grasping the knob determinedly she turned it, and gained one scandalized peep. Joachim Henneslaer sat with his head bent on one arm of his chair. On the other, sat the strange girl, one hand on his shoulder, the other idly toying with the carved hoops of his earrings. She had laid aside her hat, and Helda’s staring eyes riveted upon her head that gleamed in the firelight, with wave upon wave of curling flame. Then, gently, but forcefully, Ching closed the door.

RUINS

By Elmer Moore, 4A.

WEALTH was the keynote of Young Street's exclusive existence. Its business, its pleasures, and even its religion, was epitomized in the one word—money. Young Street disdainfully ascended a gentle elevation, leaving the rest of the city below. Indeed Young Street's only interest in Peoria was to extract from it an extravagant living. On either side of its broad thoroughfare, majestic elms reared their bare branches to the leaden sky of late Autumn, exposing resentful Young Street to the gaze of the curious throng. The imposing houses stood far back among artistically landscaped gardens, protected on the street front by high stone walls, while the thick hedges separating the various estates, were elegant suggestions of the suspicion and distrust with which their owners regarded one another. Yet even in its quarrels, the Street never committed the indiscretion of forgetting the exalted position it must sustain.

Young Street, however, like most of its residents, had its skeleton in the cupboard. At the summit of the hill, on the west side of the Avenue, isolated from the rest of the mansions by extensive grounds, stood a house. Once the haughtiest of them all, it was now a picture of desolation and neglect. It had been built originally of white stone, which had become streaked and yellow from the fury of many storms. In front, the columns of a once imposing portico leaned forward in an alarming manner, threatening the destruction of the entire face of the building. On either side of the main entrance, extended a vista of windows, but the square panes were cracked and pierced with jagged holes. From the panelled oak door, which was still withstanding the de-

stroying fingers of time, a driveway, overgrown by long grass and creeping vines, led under a porte-cochère, to the empty dilapidated stables. In the gardens, expensive, imported shrubs rioted in wild disorder among the weeds. The thick growth on the inner side of the hedges dividing this ruin from the neighbouring estates was on the opposite side kept in check and neatly trimmed, as if repulsing the advances of an inferior. The other residents in their well-kept magnificence seemed to delight in emphasizing their superiority over a fallen friend. Young Street, too, soon forgot its obligations.

One gray, bitter afternoon in November an old man, whose pinched face and ragged clothes bespoke extreme hunger and want, crept timidly along Young Street boulevard and turned in at the broken, swinging gates of the decaying mansion. His eyes gleamed with an unnatural light and his features twitched, as he wandered through the lonely, wind-swept grounds. No spot escaped his peering scrutiny. With set face and hands that clenched and unclenched in agitation, he passed through a weed-grown tennis-court, found his way among the tangled wreckage of a sunken garden, and strayed along the flagstone border of a slime-choked lily pool. Now and then he stopped in his pilgrimage to look into the dank, mildewed recesses of a summer house or stroke a fallen bit of statuary as gently as if it were a living, breathing creature. There was naught of idle curiosity in the strange intensity of his interest. He seemed rather, to be trying to stamp each feature indelibly upon his memory, as if he felt that he was looking upon a beloved friend for the last time. Dusk was coming on and a

chill autumn gust howled through the empty windows of the deserted building, causing it to creak and groan. Then, mingling with the sound of the wind, from the lips of the old man came the wail of a despairing soul and the words he uttered were "Ruins, ruins, ruins."

Slowly with weary, drooping shoulders and tottering step, the wanderer turned away down the drive toward the iron gates, which were creaking lonesomely in the rising wind. As he made his way down the avenue, the luxurious vehicles parked before familiar doors brought a bitter smile to his lips, for he, too, like the house he had left, was but a ruin of former greatness. Turning off Younge Street at the bottom of the hill, his way led along muddy, unpaved roads into the slums of Peoria, where the people crowded together in dark, grim tenements and the smoke from the great factories concealed their wretchedness.

Here, at the end of a dingy lane, he reached his miserable lodgings. His numbed fingers strove for some time before he succeeded in lighting the gas jet. By its fitful light he regarded himself closely in the cracked mirror. Intently, dispassionately, he observed each feature—the shaking hands, the lined face, the staring, sunken eyes. He might, perhaps, have been comparing himself with the ruined house. For a long time he stood there. Then, at last, he began to laugh harshly, insanely, and seizing his tattered hat, fled out into the night.

In the morning, the mud-brown river that crawled sluggishly past Peoria washed a heavy, unaccustomed burden against the slimy piles of the dock.

All Peoria experienced a deep interest when it was learned that the will of the late Henri Dupont was to be read, in public. Even Younge Street evinced a well-bred curiosity, for the Duponts had formerly been outstanding figures in the life of the city—Henri Dupont, as

owner of the Dupont Cotton Mills, Peoria's leading industry; his gracious wife, Alice, as leader of Younge Street's most exclusive society; and his only son, Richard, as a rising young bank cashier and popular, though easy-going, member of the younger set. Then blindingly, crushingly, the end had come. Richard Dupont disappeared and with him went also three hundred thousand dollars from the vaults of the Peoria Mutual Trust.

No hint of mercy or offer of assistance came from all the accumulated millions of Younge Street. So, though the blow came at a time of acute financial strain at the mills, old Henri Dupont proudly paid up to the last dollar. Then, standing amid the ruins of his fortune and his life, sent withering curses forth through clenched teeth into whatever corner of the world his son, a son no longer, might seek to hide himself. His wife, Alice, unable to bear the veiled taunts and purring insinuations of Younge Street, broke down under the strain and died.

Dupont, with the big house alone remaining to him of all his possessions, dropped from the life of Younge Street. Living in the most desperate poverty, with neither the initiative nor desire to re-plant the foundations of his power, he yet clung to the lovely mansion with a maniacal tenacity of purpose. Without means to keep the estate in repair, he visited it daily, watching it gradually fall into decay. There, in his garden of memories, he buried all his hopes and in their place grew a sullen hatred of all mankind. Younge Street, returning late from some social occasion, often saw through the dusty windows the eerie light of his candle moving from room to room.

Now Henri Dupont was dead in a suicide's grave. The newspapers revived the old scandal in all its wretched details and sensation-loving Peoria went to hear the reading of his will.

"To my only son, Richard, I leave

the property known as 113 Young Street which I forbid him to sell or mortgage. It shall be my only monument and, as it stands in its desolation, it will symbolize the ruin of three lives, for in blasting the lives of his father and mother, he has also ruined his own. It will call him from the land in which he is hiding his disgrace and it will haunt him, asleep or awake. It will give him no peace until he has wrested it from the clutches of time and rebuilt with his own hand and brain, the mighty fortune he destroyed. The lives and happiness of his father and mother he cannot restore; but in fulfilling this my last request, I give him the satisfaction of knowing that he will have, in at least a measure, atoned.

"To Young Street, I leave the curse that it go on living in its same smug self sufficiency, for by doing so it is more surely damning itself than any word or action of mine might accomplish."

The voice of the old lawyer ceased, choked with emotion. A shocked hush fell upon the whole gathering; the indignant hearers being for the most part speechless with amazement and rage. But here and there, a face paled slightly, and fortunately capacious pockets concealed trembling hands. Then slowly, somewhat dazedly, the people filed from the building.

During the weeks that followed a half-hearted search was made for Richard Dupont. The big dailies carried a youthful picture, along with his story and a copy of the astonishing will, into far lands, and, in a waterfront saloon in Melbourne, Richard Dupont, ragged and penniless, his stolen wealth scattered to the winds of heaven, bent his prematurely graying head over a torn bit of newspaper and sobbed.

Almost two years later a man, clad in the rough garb of a labourer, stepped off the eastbound train at Peoria. Though he appeared scarcely thirty, his hair was graying at the temples and hard lines of dissipation

and suffering were stamped ineradicably upon his face. Yet he walked erect with a lithe step and his eyes carried a hint of grim determination and purposefulness which showed him to be now completely master of himself, whatever his past may have been.

Looking curiously about him, he turned down into the factory district. At the office entrance of the former Dupont Mills he hesitated a moment before a large "Help Wanted" sign, then, throwing back his shoulders as if shaking off a heavy oppression, he went in. A skeptical foreman gazed at this emaciated applicant with some uncertainty but there was a trace of honesty and strength in his lean face, a persuasive quality in his voice, that decided in his favour.

"Your name?" A brief hesitation, then, "John Calpin, sir."

So John Calpin went down upon the books of the Dupont Mills as a factory hand at fifteen dollars per week.

Years passed and all Peoria marvelled at the phenomenal rise of John Calpin. In an astonishingly short time he had risen from the status of a common labourer to the position of manager and part owner of the mills. Young Street, ever ready to recognize success, would have opened wide the innermost portals of its social life, but he remained aloof, impervious, making no friends, apparently caring for none, as lonesome a figure as the day he set foot in Peoria. Frequently he visited the old ruin on Young Street but this did not occasion remark, as the dramatic demise of Henri Dupont had made the place a mecca for the curious and the thrill seeking.

On his fortieth birthday, John Calpin sat in his mahogany furnished office and watched the door close behind three silent and exceedingly white-lipped gentlemen. On his desk lay a legal document which represented his complete control of the Dupont Mills. But the man had

paid dearly for his success for he looked old and worn.

For a time he thought silently, then, with the light of a sudden purpose in his eyes, he reached for the telephone and summoned his lawyer. Mr. Grimsby entered timidly. This was one client of whom he stood in particular awe.

"Pull up a chair and sit down" said John Calpin, "I am going to tell you something which will astonish you; something which no one in Peoria has even faintly suspected. I am Richard Dupont. There! don't start, and don't ask a lot of questions until I have finished saying what I wish to say. Twelve years ago," he went on calmly, "eight years after I had fled with the funds of the Mutual Trust, I read in Melbourne the account of my father's death and his terrible will. I had dissipated the stolen money and tasted the last dregs of humiliation and wretchedness; but there was something in the blind ferocity of that command that crashed into my blurred consciousness like a flash of gunpowder.

"By some means or other I got a job as stoker on an eastbound ship. What I endured on that voyage no one will ever know. Yet in the end it brought me back up the hill. For a year after that I worked at any-

thing that happened to offer itself. Then at last, when I felt a semblance of my old self, I returned to Peoria. The rest of the story you have seen during the past ten years.

"To-night I have succeeded in accomplishing a part of my father's request, for the ownership of the Dupont Mills once more justifies their name. And now, the last part of his wish must be fulfilled. Here is a plan for the restoration of the Younge Street house. I desire it to be turned into a comfortable home where ruined men may regain their perspective of life. A trust fund will be arranged for its upkeep. The details of the transaction rest with you. From time to time I will communicate with you concerning its completion but you will not see me again for tomorrow I am leaving Peoria forever."

Five years have passed and Younge Street, the proud, has lost much of its exclusiveness. Often a very lonely, disheartened fragment of humanity climbs the hill to a place where he will find renewed hope and assistance. He stops and over a vine-covered wall, gazes in on an earthly paradise. Here indeed is peace. Then the wanderer looks at the open, welcoming gate and marvels at the strange name above it for the word he reads is "RUINS."

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

By Annie Leslie, V.

(This essay is the winner of the medal in the "Collegiate" Essay Competition)

LONG ago, when a short-legged, hairy man sat blinking before his blazing camp-fire, he saw strange pictures in the dancing flames—pictures that filled him with a great unrest, a curious longing to travel and explore the vast forests of the only world he knew. This primitive man could no more explain his impulse than we, who sit in cosy homes, can understand our

great longing to see other lands, other peoples, other civilizations.

As a child, I dreamed of climbing the Alps. I pictured the ruins of ancient Rome and I longed to visit the quaint old city of Jerusalem. Finally, snow-capped peaks, luxuriant orchards surrounded by crumbling walls, and curiously clad men, turbaned and almond-eyed, became a confused whole that I could no longer separate in my mind. But

still the desire remained to see these wonders, remained and grew stronger with the passing of years.

Of course, as I grew older, the realization that my imaginary pictures were impossible was impressed upon me. That it would take a great deal of travelling to include all the scenes I had so confidently grouped together. I no longer doubted. Nevertheless, I hoped and planned. Then a chance came to visit, not Switzerland, nor Rome, nor yet Palestine, but Western Canada.

Perhaps I was a little disappointed at the outcome of my dreams; however that may be, I went across our great western plains, waving goldenly beneath the prairie sun, to the Rocky Mountains. There I found the fulfillment of my most impossible dreams. There were mountains, rugged and snow-capped; there were luxuriant orchards rising tier on tier upon the uplands; there were turbaned men, olive-skinned and crafty eyed. Indeed, I lacked the ancient walls falling away to dust but in their place were miles of wooden flumes bearing life-giving water to the orchard country. Thus I remember my first journey which only fixed in me more firmly my love of travel.

Yesterday I was talking to a little three year old girl who said "and Tommy 'nd I went 'sploring a great, big woods." Then she told me a story of adventure that only the mind of childhood could conceive. She was not being untruthful, she firmly believed what she was saying. Certain trivial instances had impressed themselves on her baby mind and become enlarged by her natural longing to see the things she told. Later a man who had travelled over a great part of the world spoke of the child's story. "I can remember when I imagined just such happenings," he said and then, laughingly, "and, believe me I can dream of even greater impossibilities now."

Every nature inherits a certain love for travel; some can gratify it; others are destined only to dream of the places they hope to visit. But how good it is to be able to dream! When one is condemned to a life of dishwashing, mending and the changing of recipes it is exhilarating to picture Italian groves under a silver moon, oases dreamily green in the blazing Sahara and Mediterranean waters lazily lapping a colorful shore.

NIGHTMARE

By Annie Leslie, V.

A BLEAK, starless sky, a wind-swept heath and in the distance bare, forbidding hills—this was the setting for a heavy ominous silence broken only by the gutturals of the wind. A tall tree silhouetted against the threatening sky, tossed and writhed in the grasp of the wind which tore at it with clammy gusts. The moon, after one glance of horror, darted behind a ragged cloud, and came out only for shuddering glimpses of a world grown suddenly baleful and vile.

Strange forces were at work on that heath, forces of good and forces of evil. The shrubbery felt them, twisting and turning from sudden and invisible attacks. The tiny field mice felt them, and stirred uneasily in their hasty retreats. The air was full of emotions, a life not to be denied because it was unknown. Even the girl gazing out over the heath from her lonely cabin, became tense with a momentary regret that rashness and contempt had lead her here alone to

prove the folly of current superstitions.

The evening before at a house party ten miles away, conversation had veered for a moment to the haunted heath north of the Jordka Mountains. Strange stories were told, one man having passed a night on the heath went insane, another lived alone in a house with barred doors and windows and never ventured outside unless heavily armed. When one girl suggested that they spend that night on the heath the other members demurred and in a fury of contempt she vowed she would go alone. The others laughed and promptly forgot the circumstance. But the girl went and now facing the thick darkness full of the muttered imprecations of the wind, she remembered the weird stories of the previous night. Finally through sheer will-power she slept. Slept? Perhaps: at any rate her adventure was so wildly improbable that you will think it kinder to say she slept.

Somewhere near midnight she awoke in a delirium of pain. The room was full of long, creamy shadows that whispered in thin, sibilant voices like the rustling of dry leaves. They were tearing at her body, tearing her from out herself. Suddenly there was no pain and another wraith-like figure appeared. They all fled then leaving a pain-contorted human husk on the floor. With a rushing sound they eagerly assured their reluctant comrade that she should come back to the clay in the cabin before dawn for, they said, "You are not a real air-child, you are the product of centuries of evolution. We took you only because we need help in our battle to-night against the children from the heart of the earth." They swam about in the air with long easy strokes waiting for the enemy forces, all the while uttering a plaintive, mournful wail like the sighing of the wind over the heath, for their dreamlike existence was about to be disturbed by war,

Then the earth forces came, great hulking, grey figures, shaped like eels, silent and evil. They threw out a curious musty odor and immediately glided over the heath to meet the descending air forces. They fought, fought like demons, like maniacs, like nothing that human beings have ever known. The clammy grey earth-creatures merely enfolded the air children, absorbed them and glided on. The air-children, with a horrible moaning, sucked the air from around their foes enclosing them in a vacuum which quickly disintegrated the eel-like enemy leaving only a greyish shadow. Up and down the battle raged till the grey earth force fled in wild though silent despair.

Again there was a wild rush through the air, into the cabin. Again that terrible agony while the air-people forced their resisting comrade into a human form, laughing the while over a mistake they had once made in putting the wrong air-child into a man hulk. This man, people said, was insane and again they laughed with uncanny, hateful mirth. A last terrific wrench, a searing agony and the girl scrambled from the floor, staggered to the door and gazed out over the heath, grown gentle and friendly under the caressing light of the dawn. Gone were the shadows, the misty figures, the struggling elements; no trace remained except in the hunted terror of the girl's eyes.

Years passed, the girl's terror lessened but she never forgot. While common sense told her that the stormy night and her over-wrought nerves were the cause of her nightmare, still fear never left her. At length in despair of finding peace in any other way she and a chum went to the cabin and remained there all night. Nothing happened; but an insidious inner voice reminded her that she had been alone before, she was not alone now, she must never be alone again. Like a hunted thing, she surrounded herself with people, friends, anyone would serve to ward

off a return of that torment. Life became a thing of deadly fear, a fear of being alone, a fear of pain and above all a fear of the dark with its horrid inmates. In moments of lucidity she felt that those unknown forces would never trouble her again; she knew her greatest enemy was this ever-present omnipotent fear.

Then one night in her luxurious crowded home they came again. Fear, overwhelming and terrible,

crushed her against the wall. She listened to their queer, whispering voices, she cried out and in her terror implored them to release her, to take her with them, never to send her back to the horror of her fear-laden existence. Exultingly they told her how to release herself and then in hurried rustling they swept through the house like leaves in a gale. A pistol shot startled the stillness and in its wake came a hint of eery laughter.

MISUNDERSTOOD

By Mary Leslie, 3A.

DID you ever make what you thought was an exceedingly witty observation upon the personal appearance of your teacher from a rear view as he faced the blackboard and have him turn around, glance at you and demand what you were talking about? If so you have my sympathy. As the question is hurled at me, somewhere from the depths of my tormenter's anatomy, I stolidly bite my lips and refuse to speak. I am branded once more as stubborn, as a sneak who dare not speak until the teacher's back is turned. I try to redeem myself in his estimation by immediately opening a conversation before his eyes, but once more I am misunderstood. Now I am being impertinent and the proper place for me is the office. Accordingly I proceed to the office.

History period is at hand. A friend is summoned to the foreground and given a topic to discuss at length. Here is a twofold chance to help; a friend in distress to be rescued and our teacher to save from the boring necessity of listening and prompting, as her victim blindly gropes in his effort to appear intelligent. I push my notebook a little nearer the edge of my desk, turn it around and tell the orator to "go to it." A vigorous slap on the ear causes a ringing in

my head which completely drowns the sounds of thanks. I slump down in my seat with a red face and five hundred lines along with the admonition, "now, you go to it."

*"However, there is a comfort in the strength of love
'Twill make a thing endureable which else
Would overset the brain and break the heart."*

There are other places and other conditions besides school in which one may be misunderstood. Birthdays are a great source of misunderstanding, the slightest hint of something which would be acceptable is taken as a suggestion. I remarked how much easier would be my French if I had one of those handy "French—English" dictionaries.

My birthday arrives. I am handed a neat little parcel and my excitement knows no bounds as I break the string and begin to unwind fluffy tissue paper. A beautifully embossed cover appears and I see that my gift is a book. Hurriedly I turn and gaze at the back binding already imagining myself buried in the contents of a copy of Burns but instead in gold lettering is printed "French—English." Misunderstood! Misunderstood! who could imagine that as a birthday gift one would wish something to help in school work? However,

*"Never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it."*

HAIR

By Florence Andree.

"Her raven locks close about her forehead like nightfall, extinguishing the western glow."
—Hardy.

IT might be truthfully said that hair is "the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Eve had hair. Helen of Troy had hair. Medusa had hair, although probably not the same variety as that of the famous "Seven Sutherland Sisters." Doubtless, too, each of these widely famed ladies experienced the same trials as does our modern boyish-bobbed flappers. I can imagine Eve, as she prepared for the celebrated journey into the wilderness, anxiously inquiring of Adam "does my hair look all right dear?"

Having hair is the privilege of rich and poor alike. When two strange women meet although they may not have another thing in common, the subject of hair will always prove "the tie that binds." Mrs. A will remark "Really, my hair is a sight these days. I don't know what on earth to do with it." Miss B. eagerly takes her up, "Mine was just like that, but a friend advised 'Danderine' and it helped a lot. You rub it on at night"—and so they continue. In the movies, on the street, over the bridge table, wherever women congregate this subject of hair is a never failing topic of conversation. A few years ago the question which they raised would be, "to bob or not to bob." Now, however, we hear the subject debated, "to grow, or not to grow." Miss X. will quote the "Ladies Home Journal" to prove that long hair is coming back. "Why, all the actresses are letting their's grow," she says.

"Yes," pipes up the equally positive voice of Miss Y "but it said in the March 'Delineator' that women will never go back to the old, unsanitary long hair." And so the war rages. Yet in spite of all dispute and discussion the awful fact re-

mains. People have hair. People always have had hair. People always will have hair, and no human power on earth can deviate Nature from her course.

My own experiences with hair have been sad and painful. From the time I was three years old, nine o'clock every morning would find me sitting on the side porch screaming, "Ouch, that hurts, aw mama how many more are there?" Mother's assurance that there were only eight more curls to be twisted about her capable finger, proved but a Job's comfort. My fortunate, straight haired, "Dutch-cut," companions would run about, shouting in gay freedom, while I wretched victim, would sit there pinioned to my chair. Indeed, I, too, was shouting but not in carefree abandon. How often did I entreat and supplicate that those curls might yield to the barber's scissors! Always my request would meet with a shocked refusal and I would be reminded, "Some day maybe you will wish you had your lovely hair back again." At that time the prophecy seemed extremely improbable. Many years later, however, I found that it was all too true.

When the bobbed hair craze was initiated, I was one of the last to yield. Much as I wanted to rid myself of those long hated curls, family permission was not forthcoming. For two years I pleaded, argued, scolded, coaxed, wept, and tried every known method of cojology and persuasion, but to no avail. Then one fine April morning perseverance prevailed. The defence yielded, and I finally made that much-longed-for trip to the Barber Shop. My previously bobbed friends had told me very blood-curdling stories about the terrible chill that creeps down

your spine at the first snip of the scissors. Imagine my chagrin, when after patiently awaiting the desired thrill, I realized that all my hair was off, and I had not experienced a single strange sensation, not even that of regret. Getting my hair bobbed had been a miserable disappointment, and I resolved never to do it again.

That the problem of hair is a particularly feminine one, is not at all a true assumption. The strange apparitions one sees, in the tonsorial parlors along Front Street are sufficient to dispel any such conjecture. Men sit there with steaming towels twined about their thinly clad skulls, men having strange-smelling lotions rubbed into their protesting scalps; men having three or four lonely hairs carefully clipped, and skilfully brushed over a shining, rosy cranium—all these are indisputable proofs that women are not the only members of the Ancient Order of the Slaves to Hair. By the time a youth has passed his later brilliantines, he is beginning to enter the stage when the barber says, "Getting a little thin on top sir, try our 'Booster' tonic sir?" Truly the introduction

of the closely-cropped head has done very little to relieve man of his ancient oppression.

For over a century, deluded woman, as she curled, waved, frizzed, and puffed her ostentatious locks, really believed that her masculine companion in the next room possessed a vast advantage over her with his shorn head. At last she took her courage in her hands, drew a deep breath and almost over night the braids, rolls, Psyche knots, puffs, twists, and all the rest of it were gone. Only then was the popular fallacy revealed in its true light. There are, it is true, many women who still say, "O yes, my hair is perfectly lovely since I have had it bobbed." However, as Barnum once said, "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

So, though woman clings stubbornly to her abbreviated tresses; the fortnightly trip to the barber, the marcelling, shaving and clipping, has destroyed her happy delusion that "Bobbed hair, my dear Alice, is simply no trouble at all."

—O—

WHEN ONE IS VERY TALL

By Marion Ellwood.

"MY! but she's tall! Whatever do you feed her on?" This was the type of remark to which my mother was continually subjected whenever I appeared at any social gathering with her as a little girl. Now people say to me, "Oh, but you are so tall" and then add as if I needed some consolation, "But you can be thankful you are not fat too." I cannot remember a time when people allowed me to forget that I was tall. For my part, I never considered it a very real disadvantage, although, occasionally I have thought that I could easily dis-

pense with an inch or two. For instance, when I have to buy a quarter of a yard more dress goods than the sales woman usually recommends or when I search vainly for a frock or coat that is long enough and at the same time narrow enough, I have felt the burden of my length.

Why will people persist in having coat closets under stairways? There was one of these abominations at my grandmother's house. Her own sons and daughters had grown up accustomed to the low door of this little "chamber of horrors," but I

was never there often enough to remember about it. So, of course, I bashed my forehead going in, and cracked the base of my skull as I backed cautiously out. What I had fondly hoped would be a day of pleasure was often turned to one of misery and raging headache. All because the carpenter who built that wretched little cubby-hole had evidently forgotten that there were tall people in the world.

I think that it was when I was eleven or twelve years old and shooting up very rapidly that I suffered most from self-consciousness over my height. Indeed mother declared that she could see how much I had grown overnight. She would lengthen my dresses about every three months on an average, and in summer you could see a series of rings around the bottoms of my gingham dresses where they had been lengthened, had had just time enough to fade a little and then been let down another inch. Some people thought it very clever to tease me about this and if their object was to make me suffer agonies of humiliation they certainly succeeded. My burning ears caught innumerable words in the conversation going on around me, "lanky,"

"awkward," "leggy," always something that I considered as applying especially to my elongated self.

However these were little sorrows that left no lasting impression for really I have always found a great many advantages in my height. A few which I remember giving me the most enjoyment were that I could nearly always beat the other girls, and in fact most of the boys in a race, I could reach farther out on an apple tree branch and get the extra red and ripe apples, and what I fear worried my mother more than my acrobatic stunts in the orchard, I used the shelves of the pantry as a ladder with which to reach the hidden dainties on the top shelf. As I grew older and these pleasures lost some of their charm, I realized that others assumed new importance. I doubt if any normal young person can deny having at some time cherished a longing to be grown up. For my own part, having achieved the dignity of five foot eight in extreme youth, I secretly thought that I was really grown up. Alas! many and severe were the jolts I received before the realization dawned on my mind that being grown up meant a great deal more than growing upward.

O

TIGER, TIGER BURNING BRIGHT

By Frances Clark, 4A.

WITH a resounding roar Kayla threw back her tawny head. The moonlight, streaming into the dim recess of the pit, disclosed a tiger-tawny body crouched in a remote corner, ears alert, amber eyes smouldering fiercely. She was trapped! Since the glittering sun in the heavens had travelled from the tall gaunt pine to its rest behind a darkly outlined mountain, she had been hopelessly insistantly, leaping and scrambling up the steep sides of her

prison; until her claws were torn and bleeding, and her body aching and fatigued. Only then, did Kayla fall back with a stifled sob, and while she caught her breath in short spasmodic pantings, gathered her remaining strength in one last appealing roar, to her royal mate, whom she knew was stalking in the vicinity. From the distance an answering rumble sounded through the still, stifling air, but Kayla did not hear it. With a weary half human sigh, she sank back, vaguely

apprehensive, to wait for the inevitable.

Voices aroused her from her apathy. She rose, growling gutterally. A rope tightened about her sleek neck. Then scrambling and struggling, she was hauled to the edge of the pit, and in a last exhausted effort, she turned snarling to face her captors. There was a dull thud, and the golden-brown body lay stretched on the turf. They picked her up roughly, and placed her in a heavily barred cage, fastened to a wheeled platform. Then quickly and silently they withdrew.

A scream of frenzied rage awoke Kayla. Dazedly she opened her eyes, and with fierce silent joy, beheld him on the nearest mountain peak, silhouetted against a full moon. Ah! She would be avenged. While she threw back her head to make reply, a sharp crashing volley resounded through the heavy atmosphere. The dark figure swayed, tottered, and disappeared from sight.

The crowd was especially dense in Picadilly this season on account of a travelling circus visiting London. With indifferent eyes, Kayla watched the surging faces that thronged about her gilded cage. With rasping laughter they threw

peanuts to the chattering monkeys. With uproarious and boisterous shouting they mocked the foolish kangaroo, ridden by a spangled, chalk-faced clown. In fear they watched daring Japanese trapeze performers balancing their bright parasols at giddy heights. But when they found themselves standing before Kayla's cage, the smile faded, and wonder filled their eyes. For Kayla was the most perfect creature their narrow world had seen. A lithe, slender body, black and tiger-tawny, silent amber eyes smouldering like the embers of a dying fire, regal head, and powerful sinews rippling under a silken hide. Strength and beauty combined in fearful symmetry. "Could a more perfect example of creation be found" they thought as they stood transfixed in their silent awe and admiration of the Sphinxlike figure.

And still Kayla's inscrutable eyes gazed into the dim distance, the remote past, far from the jostling mob, the clash and clatter of the traffic of a great metropolis, to a lonely mountain peak, where a shattered, dying mate, proud and fearless to the last, raised his shaggy head to the stars, supreme in his power and freedom; then uttering a grim defiant roar was stilled forever.

NIAGARA AT NIGHT

By Henry South, A.A.

THOUGH Niagara at any time is a sight we might carry in our memory forever, those of us who have seen the Falls at night will never forget the beauty and glory of this majestic cataract. By the light of day, we see what is perhaps, one of the most awe-inspiring of the world's natural pictures, the rampant river, as it rushes headlong to the brink, then leaps far out, to

fall with a reverberating crash into its new channel, down which it goes, foaming between broken, towering cliffs, to the lake.

But Niagara at night presents a totally different aspect. It assumes a gentler, more subdued mien. The angry, white-capped waves, seem to be smooth billows topped with fleece. The thunder of the waters can still be heard, but it too, is muf-

fled by the enfolding blanket of night. Instead of the raging, roaring, torrent, we see a Niagara asleep. The water drifts drowsily down the river, to fall helplessly into its lower course.

As twilight deepens into black night, this dusk-wrapped creature receives a rude awakening. In place of a river of ink, we see a Niagara transformed—a flood of molten silver flowing swiftly onward. The misty spray is tossed upward in feathery clouds, while the bleak, surrounding cliffs are charged with radiance; and the dim tracery of foliage, emerges into a shimmering green. Frowning buildings on the embankment gleam in the ever-deepening gloom.

Now the great Hydro batteries are adjusted, and suddenly over our heads, blazes out a replica of the "Northern Lights." For perhaps five minutes we watch them play with the stars, then, as swiftly as they appeared, they are gone; and in their stead, we see a perfect eclipse of the moon. Following,

come many other intricate electrical displays, which amaze and delight us with their weirdly changing effects, and marvellous precision. Abruptly these also cease and our eyes gaze in expectation of a darkened Niagara. But no, we see instead, a river and cataract of blood, which rapidly changes to royal purple, to emerald green, to sky blue. Then a succession of colours are thrown on the falls as on a screen, in a variety of shades that it would be impossible to duplicate on canvas, yet softened to delicate ribbons of inimitable loveliness by the ever-falling waters.

All good things must come to an end, and with a last fantasy of pulsating colours, the lights are turned off. But we have seen something which will leave an impression on our minds for the rest of our lives, for we have seen a sight, the grandeur of which has never been equalled. And, as we stroll away, we still hear rumbling in our ears, the vibrant, monotonous breathing of a Niagara, once more asleep.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE TECHNICAL DEPARTMENT FOR GIRLS

By K. Maughan, Technical.

WHEN a girl enters the Sarnia Collegiate and Technical School, she has three courses from which she may choose: the Technical, the Collegiate and the Commercial. I will endeavour to give you a review of the Technical Department.

In our department, we study in addition to Mathematics, English, History and Science, Millinery, Dressmaking, Home-nursing, Domestic Science and Household Management.

In our Millinery classes we learn how to make our hats. We select the materials we use to cover and trim them.

Dressmaking speaks for itself, and it is one of the most essential subjects in our course. The girls know how often they have seen a pretty dress in a magazine, and have wished that they might have one like it. At the end of her training in dressmaking a girl can make her own dresses and not only that but she is efficient enough to open a costume shop of her own or take a position as a designer in a large store.

Then there is Home-nursing. In this class we are taught simple home remedies for burns and cuts. We learn the symptoms of ordinary diseases and the care of a patient in the home. This is helpful to a girl

not only in cases of accidents but in guarding her own health.

In Household Management we learn how to plan and furnish the various rooms of the house and how to care for them. In stores like Eaton's in Toronto, when girls wish to secure positions in the shopping service, preference is given to those who have had training in Household Management.

Cooking is one of the most fun-

damental subjects in the Technical course. Here we learn how to choose and prepare our food. This knowledge is indispensable not only to the housekeeper but to the girl who intends entering the nursing profession and to the working girl who has to choose her own food in restaurants.

So you see the very great value to a girl of a course in the Technical Department.

OLD HOME WEEK

By Inez Nickles, V.

IT was the first night of "Old Home Week," and our quiet Scotch town presented a more lively appearance than ever before. Front street was ablaze with lights and swarming people. Everywhere gaily coloured pennants and flags were waving their welcome to the old boys. "Well if it isn't Bill Johnson, just the same old Bill," ejaculated a certain John Jones. "There's Marjorie McGregor, the one that went to Californy," a robust lady whispered somewhat loudly to her companion. Countless exclamations such as these were heard. On the square, the scene was still more animated, a veritable street carnival. Children excitedly rode their favourite animals on the merry-go-round; staid grown-ups whirled around in the "whip" until breathless, and more than one spectator noticed a somewhat corpulent photographer whizzing through the air in a miniature aeroplane. On every side booth-keepers shouted "Hot-dogs here," try your luck twenty-five cents, and one little fellow more original than the rest kept crying out "A little dog here waiting to be eat." Up the street people were dancing to the strains of "Show me the way to go home" while in the distance, a band was playing "Abide

with Me." Sarnia's old boys and girls were very happy and certainly the greatest expectations of the committee must have been realized.

One of the main events of the week was the pageant which depicted the early settlement and development of Sarnia. The first episode represented the dawning of creation. In the distance ghostlike forms were seen approaching. As they drew near they lifted their veils and we saw the dawning of creation, the birth of land, sky, flowers and water, shaped and moulded into a beautiful harmony of movement. In a short time the Red Men appeared, frightening away the spirits of creation. For many years the Indians lived unmolested in their little village until in sixteen eighty-six the district was claimed by Commandant Duluth for Louis XIV. This was perhaps the most effective scene of the play. The settlers were almost baffled by the hindrance of the forest, rivers, and mists, fever, famine and death. Still they kept coming till in eighteen thirty-five, thirteen log houses and one frame house comprised the village which was later named Sarnia. The last episode showed Sarnia as it is today. Groups of children representing the various nationalities to be found in the city tripped gaily across the

stage. Never before had Sarnia seen such a great patriotic spectacle.

The old boys will not soon forget the morning when they all went back to school again, a large crowd of men and women, representing almost every profession. School was called to order by a tap-bell, which required much shaking to induce it to function. After the roll call, the teacher called out in his sonorous voice "Peter McGibbon come forward," and as Peter stopped hesitatingly near the door, he pointed with his long finger to a place in the middle of the platform saying "right there Peter." Needless to say the other scholars were having a great deal of fun at Peter's expense. The culprit was found guilty of playing truant and sentenced to translate five hundred lines beginning at "Mary had a little lamb." Then other students were called on for their lessons. "Dolly" Grey while reciting his part expressed his disappointment at "Davy's" absence. On the whole the work was very poorly done, which was unfortunate, for Mr. Goodison, president of the board of

education was present and he sharply reproved the instructor for the bad conduct of his class. However to show that there was no ill-will felt, he presented the old master with a purse. In replying Mr. Grant said, "You were a hard lot to handle, and I had to act sterner than I felt, but I always knew you were a lovable crew."

On Sunday, Sarnia paid honour to her boys who can never return, to those lads who are sleeping in Flanders. In the afternoon, the Great War Veterans marched from the city hall to Victoria park where they placed a wreath on the war memorial. A strange stillness fell over the crowd as a chaplain spoke of our fallen heroes and urged those who are left to remain loyal to the ideals for which they gave their lives.

But it is all over now. The streets are quiet. No banners of welcome decorate the shops. The square is silent. Nineteen twenty-five "Old Home Week" is history, but the old boys are looking forward to the next reunion with keen and pleasant expectations.

EXAMINATIONS

By M. Wellington, 4B.

CHRISTMAS, Easter, and June, are considered times of general rejoicing. But for me, the examinations that come before each of these holidays mix more than a little bitterness with the joy. Following Mark Twain's injunction, "Never put off till to-morrow, what you can do the next day," I usually leave all preparation until the very last night. Then, after I have read, and worried, and crammed myself into a state of frantic terror, I rely at last upon sheer luck to carry me through, and endeavour to pick out the possible questions. It is some consolation to know that I have at

least one chance in a hundred of being correct.

The next morning, after an hour and a half of pseudo-sleep, I crawl weakly out of bed, trying to devise some plausible reason for remaining at home. Unfortunately, no logical excuse has ever presented itself, as I am one of those beings blest with the best of health. I often have, however, a severe headache, owing to the undue exertion of the previous evening. But after I have washed in ice-cold water, and eaten a hearty breakfast, even that disappears, in spite of all my efforts to coax it into more energetic action.

When all chance of reprieve is gone, I start off to school, with the hopeful idea, that there may be time to take a last peep into that Latin rule-book, of whose contents I have such a dubious memory. On entering the Collegiate, I have the feeling that one of the former "Blab" schools, of the Kentucky mountains, must have been revived for this particular morning. I have a distracted desire to cover my ears and run. But there is no escape from the avalanche of questions that descend upon me.

"Do we have Geometry or Physics, first?"

"Where was the battle of Heraclea fought?"

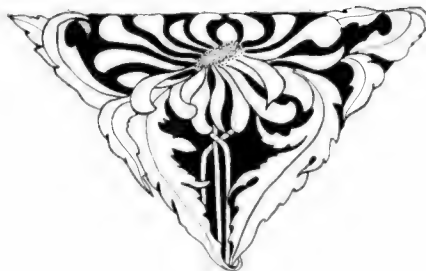
"What is the Latin word for peon?" The French word for donkey? or the Greek word, German or Spanish word for something else. The babble certainly does not tend to have a soothing effect on my already protesting nerves. I am not quite sure whether Pericles lived in Greece or Ancient Britain.

In the midst of the clamour, the bells ring and there is an abrupt, deadly silence over all. The fatal minute has arrived, the papers are

being distributed. Then comes the command, "All books away." The first glance at the paper gives me palsy, which leaves me shaking, trembling, and cold. This passes away and I begin to burn from head to foot, especially my left ear. At last I know just how a trapped rabbit must feel, and like the rabbit, there is no escape for me. It is impossible to dramatically faint, or even to have a nose-bleed, as I have never been subject to these weaknesses before in my life, and the examiner is a noted skeptic.

Already the diligent students around me are rapidly writing, indeed, many have a page or more written, while I sit still biting the end of my pen. Suddenly, I receive an inspiration, and write rapidly until it is exhausted, then chew my pen for another space of time, and repeat the process over and over, until the bell rings, and I must regretfully sign my name.

When I come out of the room, everyone is comparing answers, but strangely, none ever seem to coincide with mine. So I quickly and quietly depart from the school, hoping against hope, that my paper may be accidentally mislaid.





POETRY

MIDNIGHT

(The medal for the prize poem was awarded to R. Gleed Workman, V.)

*A time of hushed and deep significance
Is that of midnight—then all Nature seems
Fraught with a meaning vast unpenetrable
Elusive as the mystery of life:
Then thoughts are grave and charged with baffled wonder.
The mood is one of earnest meditation.
Philosophy is born, 'tis then one feels
The humbling inconsequence of self,
The uselessness of riches, human power
And all the kindred vanities of life.
They seem but little things of no avail.
And this were good, but in its thoughtful wake
The mind is lost in fruitless speculation.
Foundations fall away from everything
And life itself is wont to seem less real.
Thus one is plunged in chaos for a space
Until some common thing—a breath of wind—
Recalls the reason to its balanced sway
And then within the silence round about
One senses, stilling vain perplexity
The presence of some all-directing power
And faith is fixed more firmly in the heart.*

—R. Gleed Workman, V.

SUMMER MAID

*There's a laughing lilt to the wind, in June,
And a whispered song in the trees,
There's a thrill of joy in the thrush's tune,
A silver mist o'er the glowing moon,
And a mirror top on the seas.*

*There's a jest, and a smile on your lips, in June,
And a dancing light in your eyes.
There's a note of glee in the waverlet's croon,
As the paddles dip on some blue lagoon:
For your heart is the summer's prize.*

—N. B. P., V.

SPRING

*Spring is the time of all the year,
When myriad voices sweet we hear,
First the robin comes once more
To chirp his message at our door.*

*The next that at our window sings
Is the bluebird with his brilliant wings:
The meadowlark with his cheery note,
Through the keen cold air is seen to float.*

*The boys with marbles soon are seen,
And girls are skipping on the green,
These are the surest signs of Spring,
But how we welcome this sweeter thing.*

*The first fresh snow-drop pure and white
From the icy ground to the world so bright
Raises its head, and the crocus too
Comes to the light, bespangled with dew.*

*The winter season has its joys,
But Spring with its awakening noise
Thrills the soul with life anew,
And gives the spirit a courage true.*

—M. Marshall, 4th Form.

COLOURLAND

*A golden-crested parakeet winged by:
Crimson tipped pinions through a purple glade;
Gleaming green fronds of palmtrees bent to shade,
Then lifted backward to a sapphire sky.
On mossy, vine-wrapped limbs great orchids grew,
Carelessly colour-splashed, yellow and rose and blue,
A ghost-white jungle moth went weaving through.
Leaving a scent behind it, as of musk.
Across my path a rotting teakwood lay,
Flecked by sun-lances, dancing in the dusk.
Soft laughter trilled: I turned in stark dismay.
A dark-eyed, leaf-brown forest elf stood there.
Twining a passion-red hibiscus in her hair.*

N. B. P., V.

TO THE CAMPUS IN WINTER

*How bare the campus looks in winter-time.
Glad memory recalls the tournaments
When warriors fought to make our honours grove:
But now all sound is muffled by the snow.
Where, in the fall, the slippery ground was ploughed
By practice every night with the rugby ball;
Now skating helps to pass the time for all.
Though in the gym the games of winter reign
And earn us other prizes for the school,
In early spring again the campus calls.
Then while the snow is melting, and the ground
Is deeply covered with dark mud, we pray
"Come out, O sun, dry up this battlefield
That Knights may early struggle once again
Within these lists, so fraught with memories dear."
—Ruth Kirkpatrick, 4A.*

IDYLL

*From a shaded nook a steadfast gaze
I cast on fields of wheat and maize,
The wheat is golden and green the corn.
Perfumed and freshened by dewy morn:
Far, far below from the lazy herd,
A lowing, murmuring drone is heard;
No birds have dared disturb such peace
Save one lone flock of wayward geese,
Honking and flapping drowsily.*

*On either side my secluded bower,
Great, lofty pine-clad mountains tower
To fleecy clouds wrapp'd fast in blue,
Ting'd by the sun to a glorious hue.
A graceful deer by the brooklet's brink,
Warily watching stoops down to drink.
Green ferns and flowers round about
Serve my most gloomy cares to rout,
As I repose so quietly.*

*The striding sun has reached its goal,
In twilight dim, clear vespers toll:
One by one cottage lamps are lit,
O'erhead the stealthy bat wings fit.
Soft stillness still supreme pervades.
As darkness settles o'er hills and glades
Joining the world in slumber deep,
From this my arbour I must creep,
To preserve such peace eternally.*

—Kerr.

SPRING

*The snowmen droop with growing fear
That Mistress Spring will soon be here,
And old King Winter hears with dread,
The gay approach of Spring's light tread.
The mayflowers bud in yonder wood.
The robin calls for a helpful mate,
The pussywillows doff the hood,
That kept them hid from Spring so late.
While joyous people laugh and sing,
For is it not the time of spring?*

—A. DeLong, 1B

BITS OF SUMMER

*A whiff of the pines,
A sniff of the wilds,
And the scent
Of gay flowers a-growing
The hum of the bees
The notes of the birds
And love-songs
From glad hearts a-flowing.*

*The tang of the salt
The spray of the sea
And the pride
Of young gallants a-roaming
The light of the moon,
The gleam of the stars,
And the beat
Of the billows a-foaming.*

—J. Prendergast.

THE SEARCHERS THREE

A BALLAD

*A damp mist dropt on the darkling glade
As the birds to their nests did flit,
While there grew in the woods a sombre shade
As black as a bottomless pit.*

*No moon sailed forth as a welcome light
For the travellers three to ride
But everywhere was the fearsome night,
So one of the three, he sighed.*

*"'Tis a drear night's work that we have in hand,
Spake the foremost one of the three;
But here we are on the moist wood-land
And the treasure-oak I see."*

*Then got they down from their steaming steeds
Tied the bridles so they would hold
And soon they were crashing through the reeds
To search for the hidden gold.*

*When suddenly from out the gloom
There came an eerie scream,
And some dread thing which spelled the doom
Of the searchers treasure-dream.*

*One bound, and their mounts are seized, still wet—
A plunge and they were gone,
The quarled oak held its treasure yet,
And the forest slept till dawn.*

—Herbert Keith Leckie, 4A.

EN PLEIN AIR

*Ah, the beauties of the open
Are the ones that call to me
In the freshness of the morning,
When the world wakes here in glee;
In the glory of the noontide,
When the sun's a molten ball;
In the shades of restful even,
That's the sweetest time of all.*

—Florence Elford, 4B.

AT THE SEASHORE

*A musty old lobster came up from the sea,
Where the bathers were splashing as gay as could be;
He spied in the surf where the billows rolled in
A slender young creature as neat as a pin,
A delicate foot in the silvery sand,
A neck like a swan's and a lily white hand,
A tiny pink ear that was decked with a pearl,
And softly caressed with a bright golden curl.*

*Now a lobster is wickedly worldly and wise,
As shrewn by the way he carries his eyes;
So this one swam in till he floated so near
He could reach out a claw to the roseate ear.
He pinched it so hard, and he pinched with delight,
Till the bather screamed loudly with pain and affright,
"Excuse me" he cried, as he rose on the swell,
"I took it my dear, for a tiny pink shell."*

—Norma M. Hilliard.



Translation from Spanish—"Rimas" by Gustavo Adolpho Becquer. The author was born at Seville, studied painting, refused to follow a promising commercial career, went to Madrid in 1854, and there led a miserable existence till he obtained a humble post in a government office, from which he was soon dismissed. He found work as a journalist, made an unhappy marriage, and died in poverty at Madrid. His *Obras* published posthumously in 1871, have often been reprinted.

THE GRAVE IN BUZENTO

(Translation from the German "Das Grab in Buzento" by Platen)

At twilight along the Buzento, where the life of Cozena hums,
A muffled sound of singing, from the ancient city comes;
And the waves send back their answer, like the thundering roll of drums.

While up and down the river, pale flitting shadows go.
Brave Goths of other days glide by, as the waters seaward flow
Bemoaning Alarich, the beloved, in voices of deepest woe.

In the pride of his glorious youth, so far from his native land;
They buried him at Cozenza, in the depths of the golden sand,
While yet his golden ringlets, fell to his shoulder-band.

They turned aside the Buzento, till the cool, damp bed, lay bare,
Then sank a grave in the river silt, and gently placed him there,
On his horse, in his gleaming armour, with his curling golden hair.

They tossed the bright sands above him, singing a last good-bye.
And the tall green river plants, bent down to touch him, with a sigh
As the foaming waves of Buzento, leaped back with a joyous cry.

And his Gothic warriors, leaving, sang, "Sleep, tho' we go from thee
No Roman hand shall disturb thy rest, O leader of the free,
While Buzento's dancing waters, roll in might, from sea to sea.

—Nadine Booth Paterson, V.

THE CAPTIVE

(Translation from German, "Der Gefangene" by Herwegh.)

Ten years have passed since last I heard the song
Of little birds among the flowers and trees.
Ten years! it seems yet twice as long
Since last I saw the sky or felt the breeze.
What greater triumph must you know?
Can these pale cheeks still paler grow?
See, king, this hand that shattered crowns
Lies beaten, quivering, neath thy frowns.
O set me free before I die.

Ten years! My hope is flickering low,
My eyes peer dimly in the gloom,
Fear not! My wavering feet can go
Scarcely two steps toward the tomb,
Ruler o'er countless hosts; proclaim!
What joy draw ye from one broken frame?
See, king, this hand that shattered crowns
Lies withered, palsied, by thy frowns.
O set me free before I die.

Ten years I have crouched in this prison den,
Enduring courageously, hoping in vain,
Ten years! Enough air, oh give me then
To carry my soul from this mortal plane,
Do you grudge then e'en the free air its way?
O haughty, sneering tyrant, say!
See, king, this hand that shattered crowns,
Lies wasted, shuddering neath thy frowns,
O set me free before I die.

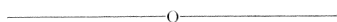
Ten years have crushed that pride I had.
The flower of my youth is faded and sear,
The song in my heart is smothered and sad
The future is dark and bitterly drear,
Not yet? You still ignore my plea?
Ah, but one hour vouchsafe to me,
See, king, the hand that shattered crowns
Lies feeble, dying 'neath thy frowns,
O set me free before I die.

—Nadine B. Paterson, V.

RHYMES

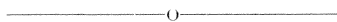
The invisible atoms of the air round about
Palpitate with a radiant light;
Heaven fades into rays of gold
Earth quivers neath a cord of joy
Raptures of kisses and fluttering wings
Drift by on waves of harmony.
My eyelids close———What cometh night?
'Tis Love who passeth by.

—Helen Ingram, Spec.

**THE TRAVELLERS EVENING SONG**

(Translation from German—"Goethe's Wandrers Nachtlied")

O thou most heavenly one,
Calm thou the woes of men,
To one so doubly grieved,
Send gleams of light again.
Oh I am tired of life.
What are its joys and care?
Sweeter than all, O peace.
Answer my prayer.

**THE LEAF**

(Translation from French "La Feuille" by Arnault)

Torn from the stem
Poor withered leaf,
O tell me where you go.
"The stout oak tree
My sole support
The fickle wind bent low.
To-day I've fled
On breeze and gale,
That tossed me to and fro.
Yet no complaint or fear have I,
For I go where all else goes,
Where goes the leaf of the laurel tree,
And the leaf of the rose."

ARIEL AU LA VIE DE SHELLEY

By Lucz L. Nickles, I.

Parmi les écrivains français que la guerre nous a révélés est M. Andre Maurois, qui en août 1914 fut attaché à un des régiments anglais en qualité d'interprète. Avant la guerre c'était un fabricant de drap à Roubaix et à Elbeuf. Mais il était toujours intéressé à des choses littéraires et une fois il avait gagné un prix de philosophie au concours général ce qui lui donna plus d'ambition. Surtout avait-il intérêt à l'Angleterre et aux Anglais. Selon "Les Nouvelles Littéraires", le dix janvier 1925 il préparait une Vie de Disraeli qui plus tard a été sans doute, "Ariel," la vie de Shelley que je viens de lire est le livre français plus charmant que j'ai jamais vu. L'autre jour, j'ai aussi découvert une essai "The Sorrows of Young Werther" dans "The Atlantic Monthly." Mais c'est tout ce que je sais de cet auteur. André Maurois commence la vie du poète Shelley à son arrivée au collège d'Eton.

À ce temps là c'était un très joli enfant aux yeux bleu vif, aux cheveux blonds bouclés et au teint délicat. C'était un garçon singulier. À l'école, tous les "petits" étaient les esclaves des "grands." Le "petit" devait faire le lit de son maître, broser ses habits et nettoyer ses souliers. Shelley pensait que cette brutalité était contraire à la dignité humaine et il dit, qu'il ne servirait point. Les autres ne l'aimaient pas et l'appelaient "Shelley le fou." Tous les jours le pauvre enfant aimait à lire au bord de la rivière mais les garçons le trouvaient chaque fois. Ils le chassaient, le cermaient contre un mur, ensuite jetaient des balles trempées dans la boue. Un le pinçait, un autre faisait glisser dans l'eau son cher livre. Enfin fatiguée par l'affaire, l'école se retirait pendant que Shelley relevait son Diderot on son Voltaire et allait dans les

belles prairies à côté de la Tamise. En octobre 1810 Shelley alla à Oxford. La vie du collège l'enchantait car elle combinait tous les charmes de la vie monastique avec la liberté d'esprit du philosophe. Il se levait quand il voulait, il se couchait quand il voulait, il mangeait ce qu'il voulait, et en effet il faisait toujours ce qu'il voulait. Mais il avait des idées étranges et il lisait des livres singuliers. Un jour il écrivit une brochure, "La Nécessité de l'Athéisme" et signa le nom Jérémie Stukeley. Quelques jours après, les fonctionnaires du collège le découvrirent et ils expulsèrent le jeune auteur.

Après être expulsé, Shelley et son ami Hogg, qu'on avait aussi expulsé vinrent à Londres. M. Timothy, son père était furieux. Il refusa de lui donner de l'aide au moins qu'il ne rentrât immédiatement à Field-Place sa maison, et ne renonçât à tout commerce avec M. Hogg. Shelley répondit. "Je refuse absolument mon consentement aux propositions contenues dans votre lettre." Malheureusement, un jour le père de M. Hogg mit son fils dans une étude d'avoué, et le pauvre Shelley resta tout seul. Ses sœurs lui envoyaient leur argent de poche et cela était tout ce qu'il avait pour vivre. Mais ils se révoltaient toujours contre les coutumes établies. Il désirait surtout que tout le monde fût content. Puis un jour il trouva une pauvre jeune fille qui n'était pas heureuse. Son père, un vieux cafetier, la faisait aller à une école où les élèves ne lui parlaient pas et ne répondaient même plus à ses questions, et où les maîtresses la considéraient comme une fille perdue. Enfin le bienfaisant Shelley se maria avec la pauvre Harriet, pour la faire contente. "Le lendemain, la diligence d'Edinbourg emmena vers le Nord ces deux enfants qui avaient ensemble trente-

cinq ans." Après quelque temps son père lui donna une petite rente et ils allèrent à Dublin. Les Irlandais étaient beaucoup épouvantés au septicisme de l'homme qui voulait être leur défenseur. Il disait "que l'émancipation des Catholiques était un pas sur le chemin de l'émancipation totale, que la bonté et non l'habileté doit être le principe de toute politique et qu'enfin avant d'attendre leur libération par les Anglais, les Irlandais devaient se libérer eux-mêmes en devenant tempérants, justes, et charitables." Tous les jours ces jeunes réformateurs marchaient dans les rues avec les poches bourrées de pamphlets qu'ils donnaient quelque'un "à l'air possible." D'ailleurs du balcon de leur petit appartement il repandaient les saines doctrines. Mais les Irlandais ne l'appréciaient pas et il retournèrent à Londres. Après quelque temps il se sépara d'Harriet et alla en Europe avec Marie, la jolie fille de M. Godwin. Ce n'était qu'au bout de quelque temps quand Harriet fut morte qu'il se maria avec Marie Godwin.

En 1818, après avoir passé quelques ans en Angleterre et en Suisse, ils partirent pour l'Italie. "Le ciel clair de l'Italie, ce ciel fidèle sans un nuage" inspirait Ariel. Il alla à Pise et c'est là, dans la grande solitude des bois ou des montagnes qu'il écrivait ses poèmes superbes. Byron demeurait près de lui et les deux étaient de bons amis. Hunt et Trelawney étaient aussi avec lui en Italie. Shelley aimait la mer et lui et son ami a fait construire un ba-

teau. Ensuite il alla demeurer au bord de la Baie Spezzie. Shelley aimait beaucoup être couché dans le bateau, lisant Sophocle ou comme un enfant enchanté, regardant dans le ciel clair.

Un jour Ariel et son ami Williams allèrent à Pise pour visiter leurs amis. Quand le jour de leur départ fut arrivé, le temps était mauvais. Il était deux heures quand ils partirent; il y avait peu de vent et ils espéraient arriver à la nuit tombante. Après leur départ l'air dans le port duquel ils furent partis devint brulant. Il faisait très obscur. Les bouffées de vent étaient furieuses et de larges gouttes de pluie rebondissaient de la mer de plomb. Subitement un coup de tonnerre convrit tous les bruits. Quelques heures plus tard quand l'orage eut passé, il n'y avait plus un seul bateau sur la mer. Marie et Jane, sa sœur attendaient en vain leurs maris. Cinq à six jours plus tard on trouva les corps sur la plage à Viareggio. Ariel avait dans une poche un Sophocle et dans l'autre un volume de Keats encore ouvert. Les deux corps étaient brûlés à la manière des Grecs. Comme il regardait le corps de Shelley Byron dit. "L'homme, le meilleur, le moins égoïste que j'aie connu. Et quel gentleman! Le plus parfait peut être qui ait jamais traversé un salon. Que le monde s'est trappé en le jugeant." Les poètes sont comme les empereurs romains et ils deviennent grands seulement quand ils meurent.



EXCHANGES

The exchange column, as we see it, seems to be the only reliable means we have of becoming familiar with the achievements of other schools. During the time since our last publication, our exchange list has been strengthened by the arrival of a few new magazine friends. To our old friends, we need only say, that you will still be welcomed in the future with the same friendly spirit, as we have shown in the past. In our exchange space this year, we have tried to give everyone his share of credit, as well as a few friendly suggestions, which we hope will prove helpful. In return we invite you to give us our share of credit, and what suggestions you see fit to offer, for after all, that is our best aid in trying to please you, as well as satisfying ourselves.

THE ALMAFILIAN—Alma College, St. Thomas, Ontario.

Welcome! Our only exchange with a young ladies' college. We admire your school paper as well as your school spirit. How about a few short stories? Your magazine is filled full of good college fun. What's to hinder you from starting an exchange page? Don't forget us next time.

THE TWIG—University of Toronto Schools, Toronto, Ontario.

You have a magazine of which you should be proud. We like to see comments on an exchange page, however.

HELLO—Brantford Collegiate, Brantford, Ontario.

We can say little other than the best for your magazine, but could you not give your advertising section a place by itself? As far as we are concerned, we hope you do not change the name of your paper to "Good-Bye."

CANTURIAN—King's School, Canterbury, England.

Your magazine is hard to criticise, because about fifty per cent of the magazine is devoted to sport write ups. We give you credit for writing such complete accounts, but this seems to leave your paper with an outstanding scarcity of short stories and jokes.

HARBORD REVIEW—Harbord C. I., Toronto, Ontario.

A really good magazine, every department well represented. Your radio page is something new, and must be highly appreciated by the school.

SCHOOL NEWS—Royal Belfast Academical Institute, Belfast, Ireland.

Your literature section has shown signs of improvement. Is it possible to print a few jokes as a substitute for most of those club reports? We are also in favour of Cartoons and a Snap page.

ARGUS—Sault Ste. Marie C.I., Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

What an attractive magazine! We like your cover design. The first school on our exchange list with three literary societies. We hope to see a few comments on your exchange page next time. Have your cartoonists gone on strike?

Magazine of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec.

The grade of paper in your magazine alone shows that you have something worth while to print. An attractive cover as well. Could you not make a few comments on your exchange page? We feel, however, that you could improve your magazine still more by adding a snap page and an autograph page.

VOX LYCEI—Hamilton C. I., Hamilton, Ontario.

One of our most welcome exchanges. The material is very well arranged under well designed art headings. The cartoons are excellent. Your pictures are the best we have seen. You have not quite enough verse and short stories.

ACTA VICTORIANA—Victoria College, Toronto, Ontario.

We have no unfavourable criticism to make whatever. Your work is splendid. For curiosity only we wonder why you have not an exchange column.

VOX STUDENTIUM—Port Arthur C. I., Port Arthur, Ontario.

A really bright magazine. Could you not give the girls' sports more prominence. Your form notes are well written. Why mix the ads. with the literature? Come again.

RED AND WHITE—Smith Falls C. I., Smith Falls, Ontario.

Your magazine is a live one. Quality and not quantity is the prominent feature of "Red and White."

THE WOLF HOWL—Sudbury High and Technical Schools, Sudbury, Ontario.

Your magazine has been well named. Your exchange list is certainly up to date. You might easily use a few more stories, and we missed the poetry as well.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM—Acadia University, of Wolfville, N. S.

It seems unfair to criticise your magazine. Your class of literature would be hard to equal. Congratulations to your dramatic club.

THE SALT SHAKER—Nutana, C. I., Saskatoon, Sask.

Smallest but not least in value. You have a good variety of contributions. An excellent cartoon on the front page, but a few more inside would do no harm. The sodium chlorides are full of pep, but couldn't you give us more than a sample?

THE REVIEW—London Central C. I., London, Ontario.

Congratulations on the publication of your centennial number. Thank you for your comment on our magazine. Offer our congratulations to your cartoonists. What an attractive zoo. Your literature and joke sections have been well supported.

AUDITORIUM—Owen Sound, C.I., Owen Sound, Ontario.

Your school certainly appears to be a good one. The jokes in your magazine are regular side-splitters, and your art headings are certainly praiseworthy. A few more poems, short stories, and cuts are all the finishing touches you require.

LUX GLEBANA—Glebe C. I. Ottawa, Ontario.

A brand new exchange, which we enjoy reading. Your magazine would have a better appearance, however if the ads. were kept together. We admire such an original cover design. You have a good variety of sports. We invite you to call again.

THE SCREECH OWL—Bocmanville High School, Bocmanville, Ontario.

A most entertaining magazine. You could use a few more essays or short stories to advantage. Otherwise you certainly have the right idea.

THE TORCH—Napance Collegiate Institute, Napance, Ontario.

Welcome stranger! Are you not giving your athletics too much prominence? You could balance your paper better by printing more in the literature section. The absence of a snap page and a few cartoons is quite noticeable. Where is your table of contents? We find your joke section hard to beat.

SCHOOL REGIA—Royal High School, Edinburgh, Scotland.

You always have some really good editorials. We can only wonder how you record your school events so well. Your photographs certainly make your appearance what it should be, but are you too serious to print a joke or two?

THE WATSONIAN—Watson's College, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Your literary section is right up to the standard, but should we be lead to believe, that there is not a trace of humor among your student body? You could have an excellent magazine, by adding some jokes and cartoons.

THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW—Toronto, Ontario.

A splendid monthly with plenty of excellent literary contributions. We suggest, however, that you use a few jokes to brighten up your appearance. Are you not in favour of an exchange department?

THE BLUE—Christ's Hospital, West Horsham, Sussex, England.

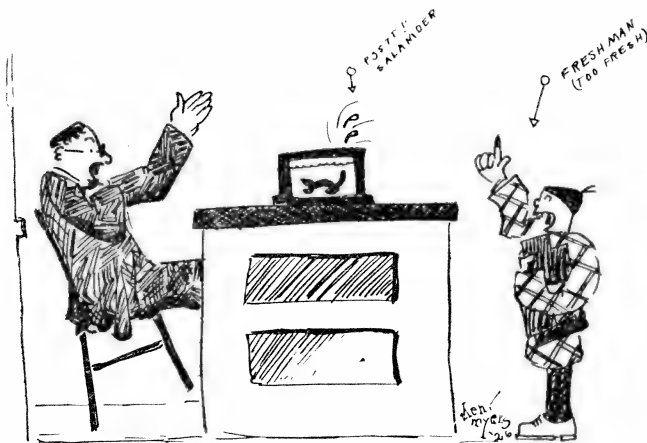
We thank you for the many copies of "The Blue" mailed to us. Your athletics are very carefully reviewed, and above the average. Your literature section is badly in need of a story or two, and your joke section—well we just couldn't find a joke anywhere.

THE TATLER—Lindsay Collegiate Institute, Lindsay, Ontario.

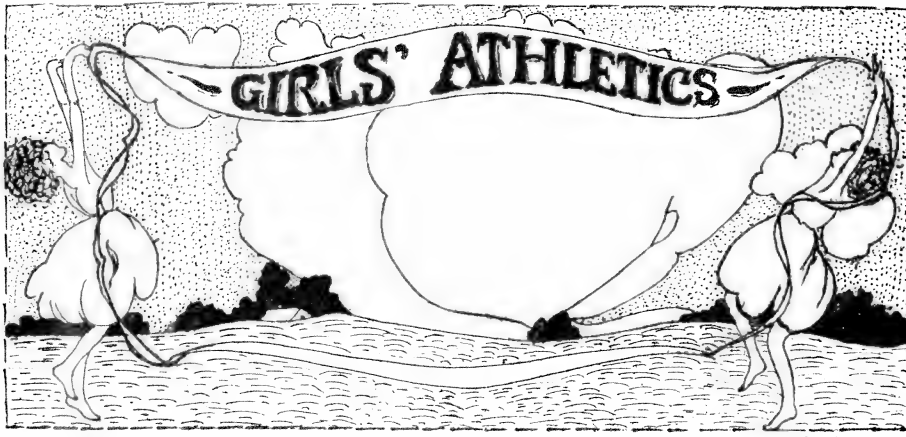
What an interesting way to write up your sport accounts. You were fortunate in having Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts at your school. Your appreciation of selected poets deserves our comment. If you wish to make your magazine better, try a few cartoons along with a more complete exchange list.

THE FETTESIAN—Fettes College, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Your sport accounts appear to be written too much in detail. A few cartoons along with your excellent literary contributions, should make your magazine a decided success.



STOVE — SAY MR. DENT THAT SALAMANDER SMELLS
HIMSELF — SMELLS WHAT? DEAR CHILD, SMELLS WHAT?
STEWED — SMELLS BAD. — CRASH — ★ ★ ★ !! ◎ ★ ★
✱ MARKS SPOT WHERE THE BODY WAS FOUND.



A Physical Education programme is a recognized and essential part of every High School curriculum. It is in the gymnasium or on the playing field that the girl cultivates her real nature and true spirit; it is in the strain of competition that honesty and fair play show at their best.

The value of exercise as a health-building agent is coming to be generally recognized. Athletics, gymnastics and dancing are of undeniable value to school life.

Athletics teach co-operation, the foremost principle of discipline they discourage selfishness and encourage and develop perseverance, loyalty, sociability and honesty, thus physical education linked with mental education, makes the complete educational whole.

Miss Marjorie Fenwick, a graduate of Varsity, came to us at the beginning of this year and has done much to encourage athletics and to bring to a high standard, all work in physical training.

BASKETBALL

The activities of our Girls' Basketball Team for the 1925-26 season was not very productive of victories but there is some good material in this crew and no doubt they will prove to be valuable members of next year's team. Mary Simpson, Mary Cobban and Thelma McKay are newcomers to the team who give promise of future basketball success.

Last year's players who are missing from the squad are Florence Smith and Florence Laughner, both valuable guards and Ruth Kirkpatrick, one of the forwards who is managing this year's team. Vida Simpson, who played in our first game, has been absent ever since on account of illness. We hope she will soon be with us again.

The exhibition games gave the girls a fine chance to get in form for coming games and in all these games good sportmanship prevailed. These encounters with other schools are very profitable. Good clean sport is promoted and acquaintances made with other schools.

The personnel of the team which represents the S.C.I. & T.S. in the W.O.S.S.A. Basketball Series this year includes: Coach, Miss Marjorie Fenwick, Capt. Jean Wheatcroft, Mgr. Ruth Kirkpatrick, Helen Donald, Jennie Wise, Mary Simpson, Mary Cobban, Vida Simpson, Muriel Teskey, Bertha Lewis, Bernice Simpson, Thelma McKay.

We also wish to thank the following who by coming down to practices have helped to further the suc-



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right—Miss Fenwick (coach), Jennie Wise, Mary Cobban, Thelma McKay, Mary Simpson, Muriel Teskey, Bertha Lewis, Bernice Simpson, Ruth Kirkpatrick (manager), Helen Donald, Jean Wheatcroft (captain).

cess of this basketball year: Marion Vanhorne, Margaret Simpson, Donald McGeachy, Janie Clark, Louise Dawson, Frances Clark, Laura Beeson, Margaret Hall, and Wilma Workman.

S.C.I. 18—Old Girls 29

The first exhibition game was played during the Christmas Holidays, the Old Girls being our visitors. Despite a considerable lack of team work the graduates managed to win a very close contest with the score of 29-18.

Old teammates on the opposing line lent keener interest in the game for our girls. Leila Fraser, Mary Flesher and Helen Fraser very evenly represented the forward line of the Old Girls, while Florence Laughner, Margaret Dawson, Mary Watson and Marion Henderson alternated as guards. Mary Simpson and Jennie Wise swelled our total by contributing seven points each.

S.C.I. 42—Watford 14

Showing an attack their opponents could not match and a defence they could not hurdle, our girls swept to victory over Watford.

They gained a lead at the first which fairly smothered the opposing team. At half-time the score read 25-6 in their favor.

This tilt was spectacular despite the fact that never at any stage of the game was there any doubt as to who would be the ultimate winners. They trebled the score on the Watford girls, it being 42-14 when the final whistle blew.

This game decided the winner of the district as Watford defaulted the second game of the series.

S.C.I. 22—Port Huron 29

An exhibition game of basketball was played against the Carlisle Girls in the Port Huron Washington Junior High School early in February.

The game was quite exciting but some difficulty was experienced by the fact that our girls played two of the four periods under American Rules.

We are hoping for a different turn of affairs when the Blue and Whites play the return game here in the near future.

S.C.I. 14—Alma College 26

Due to their poor grouping in the

WOSSA race this season the Sarnia girls were without games most of the season and their lack of competition showed up in the first game of the semi-finals which was played here against the Alma College girls of St. Thomas.

The Alma College girls lived up to all the advance things said about them and gave our girls the strongest opposition that they have encountered this year, but the game-ness of the Sarnia girls was an outstanding merit.

Helen Moody led the scorers with a total of seventeen points and Jean Wheatcroft led the locals with seven points.

The large crowd of supporters gave the team a world of support, but lady luck seemed to be against us.

S.C.I. 22—Alma College 32

The S.C.I. girls' basketball team journeyed to St. Thomas where they again met defeat at the hands of the Alma College six. The Sarnia girls lacked aggressiveness in the first game but this was overcome by hard practice during the week. It would be impossible to say which was the better team, even indicating the score, for both sides were getting well down under the basket.

First quarter ended 4-0 in favor of our girls, but by half time Alma College was in the lead 19-15. In the last stages of the game they drew away and romped home with a 32-22 victory.

The Sarnia combination was working smoother than it had all season and though defeated they ran the St. Thomas girls a closer race than the score indicated.

Helen Moody again claimed the highest honors, returning twenty points while Helen Donald caged thirteen points for her team.

Interform Basketball

The Interform Tournament was organized early this year and every team entered into it with an enthusiasm, which resulted in very interesting and exciting games.

The schedule of the games was arranged by Miss Fenwick, and by a process of elimination the Senior and Junior Champions of the School in Interform Basketball were decided. 4A Collegiate winning the Senior and 2B Collegiate the Junior group.

The most exciting game was that played for the School Championship, when the Seniors won from the Juniors by the close score of 26-25.

The Senior Championship Team, 4A Collegiate: Mary Simpson, F. Clark, R. Kirkpatrick, forwards; Margaret Simpson, R. Taylor, H. Vollmer, guards; M. Sullivan, M. Mercurio, subs.

The Junior Championship Team, 2B Collegiate: M. VanHorne, M. Cobban, D. Richards, forwards; I. Smith, G. Miller, V. Kearns, guards; A. Rollins, sub.

SWIMMING

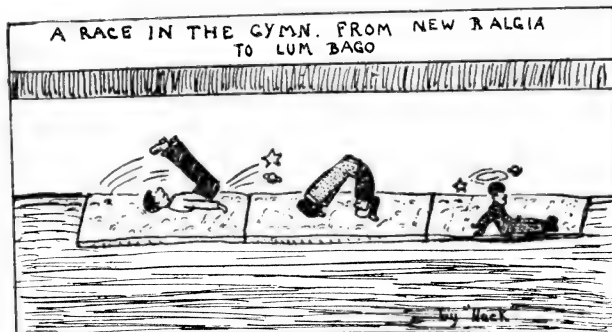
Swimming is one of the most healthful and pleasure-giving exercises. Last year six girls of our school obtained the Award of Merit

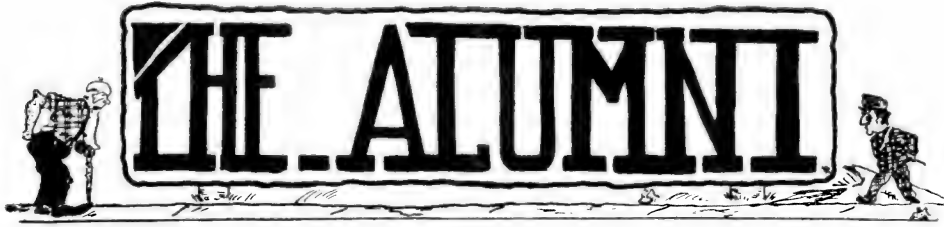
of the Royal Life-Saving Society of England. In the statement of 1925 the Collegiate ranked eighth in the Dominion and first among the schools of Canada.



An Easter Gift

Complete the Design---Join 1 to 2, etc.





The class of '25 was one of the largest and most successful ones, that has ever graduated from the school. We wish them all, great success in the work they have chosen.

Some of the former students will likely be interested in knowing where many of their teachers and classmates are:

Mr. D. A. Campbell is now Inspector of the Technical Department.

Miss Jones has retired this year.

Dorothy French is now Mrs. Chas. Neal, and is living in Windsor.

Malcolm (Mac) Clarry and Eric Clarry are living in London and attending school there.

Helen Campbell is attending Sarnia Business College.

John Cahill has a position with Woolworth Store.

Jean Archer is attending University at Decatur.

Leo Langan is attending St. Michael's College.

Isobelle Foster is working in Detroit.

Hildred Reeves is at home this year.

Edward (Ted) Kennedy, Captain of last year's Rugby Team, is attending Western University.

Agnes Weir is staying at home this year.

Anna Vollmer is attending Western University this year.

Harold Van Horne has a position in a Law Office in the city.

Neil Suhring is working for the Laidlaw Belton Co.

Grace Smith has a position in the County Buildings.

Florence Smith is working for the City Dairy.

Clara Purves has a position with the Bell Telephone Co.

Ferguson Pirrie is staying home this year.

London Normal has claimed a number of our students this year including: Reta Arnold, Edna Cobban Erva Curran, Mildred McGregor, Mabel McDonald, Vivian Norwood, Ursula Logan, Basil Randolph, Ralph Heal, Russel Bond, Ewart Nichol.

Thomas Newlands is staying at home.

Thelma Napper is at home this year.

Harold Mills is attending Western University.

Olive McGrath has a position in the office of the Goodison Thresher Company.

Sylvia Manninen is a stenographer at the Industrial Bank.

Douglas Macklin is working with his father.

Viola Leckie is at home this year.

Florence Laugher is working for the Bell Telephone Co.

Jack Holton is attending school at Toronto.

John Hayne has a position as stenographer with the Bell Telephone Co.

Irene Patterson has a position with The Sarnia Hardware Co.

Betty Gurd is attending the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.

Pearl Alexander is assistant secretary for S.C.I. & T.S.

Emily Wright is working in the office of the Gas Co.

Olive Warwick is a nurse in training at Providence Hospital, Detroit.

Dorothy Hall and Laura Hargrove are attending the Sarnia Business College.

Fred Whitcombe is working at the Royal Bank.

Dorothy McMurphy has a position as Librarian at the Public Library.

Lillian Wheatley is teaching in Blackwell.

Marion Henderson and Catherine McBurney are attending Branksome Hall in Toronto.

Elmer (Mac) MacIntyre is attending Western University.

James White is attending Military College, Howe, Indiana.

Ralph Henderson is working for R. C. R. Bell.

Cecil Morris is at the Pere Marquette.

Jean Berkshire has a position with the Sarnia Bridge Co.

Logan Millman is working in the office of Pardee, Gurd, Fuller and Taylor.

James Armstrong has moved to Toronto and is attending North Toronto Collegiate.

William Southern is still in the city playing with Laugher's Orchestra.

Hampden Logan is working with his father.

Burton Wadland has a position at Ingersoll's Drug Store.

Roy Kennedy is working in the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Elton Johnston has a position in Windsor selling Maclean's Magazines.

Carl Hillier is making radios for a living.

Jack Patterson is working in Detroit.

Carl Fulkerson is in Grand Rapids.

Leon Windsor is in Pontiac.

Venner Couse is in Peru with the International Petroleum Company.

Cecil Pollard is working with his father.

Ralph Brodie is working for Macdonald Bros.

Mike Burley has a position with Muellers.

Stanley (Pat) Crompton is attending the Sarnia Business College.

Donald McMann is also attending the Sarnia Business College.

Helen Crawford is staying home this year.

Jean Kennedy is working in Toronto.

Mary Wiley is attending school in London.

Grace Allingham is working in Detroit.

Hazel Fulkerson has a position in a Law Office in the city.

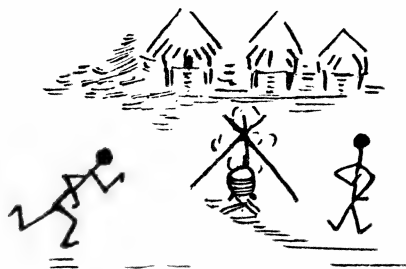
Alma Taylor is working in the Dominion Store.

Ursula Shortt has a position at Manley's Book Store.

Helen Capps is staying at home this year.

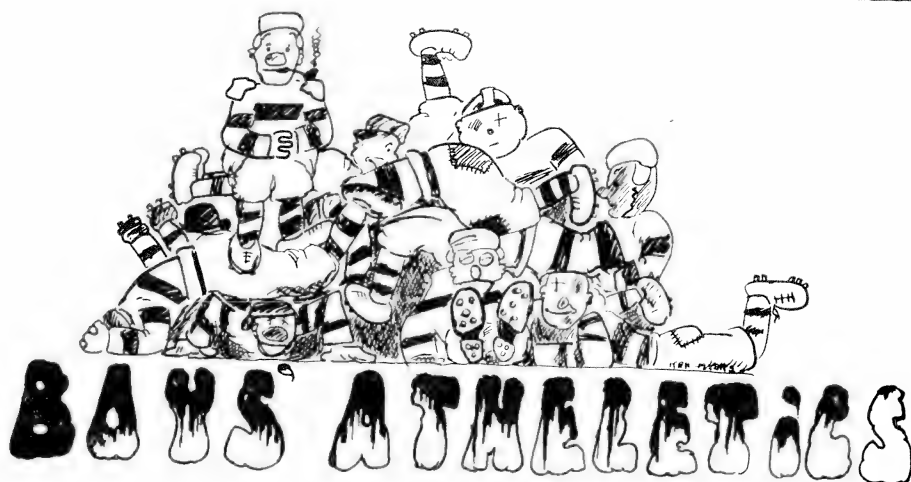
Florence Nichol is working in Port Huron.

Jean McFee is attending Loretta Abbey, Toronto.



First Cannibal, running into camp—"Is I late fo' dinner?"

Second Cannibal—"You is; everybody's eaten."



For the second consecutive year the S.C.I. & T.S. rugby team have won the W.O.S.S.A. Championship and been in the O.R.F.U. finals. Out of seven games played Sarnia won five and lost two. The team lost the O.R.F.U. Interscholastic title in the last ten seconds of the first overtime period against the University of Toronto Schools. The sportsmanship displayed at London after such a defeat, can not be surpassed by any team in the Dominion.

Owing to the remodelling of the St. Andrew's Arena, the school was without hockey this year. Consequently much valuable hockey talent was unable to be used. For the sake of hockey it is hoped that Sarnia shall have an arena next year.

Sickness again defeated the basketball team. After winning the district from Strathroy, Sarnia entered the semi-finals against Walkerville. In the last game against Walkerville the team was greatly handicapped by the loss of Carter and Walsh.

RUGBY

S.C.I. & T.S. 9—Old Boys 0

The annual Old Boys' game was played at the Collegiate campus. Owing to the condition of the field end runs were out of the question, plunging and kicking were the order of the game. The Old Boys depended on plunging while Carter's booting kept the ex-stars from scoring. Kennedy's fumble in the third quarter gave the school a formidable lead. The Old Boys' line weakened on several occasions and Robinson's kicks were blocked. The last quarter rally of the ex-students did not gain them any points, for

they were fighting in the shadows of goal-posts and the school squad was still eager for more points. Teskey, Parks, Brown, Newton and Donahue were the yard-gainers through the line and Kennedy's open field running featured. Carter's booting and the team's hard tackling were responsible for the Old Boys' defeat. The game ended with the score 9-0 for the S.C.I. & T.S.

S.C.I. & T.S. 32—Windsor 2

On October 12th the Sarnia Collegiate Senior team opened the W.O.S.S.A. schedule at home. From

the kick-off Sarnia's supremacy became certain and after about two minutes Windsor was forced to rouge. With the line working splendidly on interference the half-men bore the brunt of the plunging and shortly after Carter plunged eight yards for a touch, which he converted. Windsor became aggressive and forced Carter to rouge for their first point. By fierce bucking Sarnia soon worked their way into scoring position and Carter gathered in one of Hallam's well placed onsides. This touch was not converted. In the second quarter Sarnia recovered a Windsor fumble and Frayne plunged for a touch, which was converted. Half-time score 18-1.

Windsor was forced back to their own line and a poor snap gave Sarnia two points on a safety touch. Carter recovered a faulty pass and on the next down kicked to Chapman who was forced to rouge. Early in the fourth quarter Hallam went around the left end for a try which was converted. Carter was again forced to rouge. With Windsor on their two yard line their kick was blocked and Teskey recovered for the fifth touch. Carter, Manore, Banwell, Maitland and Frayne were the yard gainers for Sarnia. Chapman and Webber were the best for Windsor.

S.C.I. & T.S. 13—Windsor 0

On the following Saturday the team invaded Windsor with a thirty point lead. The Windsor team had improved considerably during the week. The field was slippery and it rained continuously, thus good rugby was out of the question. Sarnia had the majority of the play, and it was only Chapman's splendid catching that prevented points in the first quarter. In the second quarter Walsh grabbed an onside kick and was brought down two yards from the line. He carried the ball over on the next play. In the third quarter Banwell fell on the ball when

Chapman fumbled. Strain carried the ball across just as the whistle blew, but the points were not allowed. Chapman was the best for Windsor while Carter, Banwell, Walsh and Cook played well for Sarnia.

S.C.I. & T.S. 5—St. Thomas 9

The S.C.I. & T.S. played the first game of the series at St. Thomas. The field was muddy and there were occasional snow-flurries. The teams were evenly matched and in the first quarter St. Thomas had the best of the play. Two trick plays caught Sarnia unaware and resulted in Medcalfe getting a touch. For the remainder of the period, St. Thomas pressed hard, but penalties offset their gains.

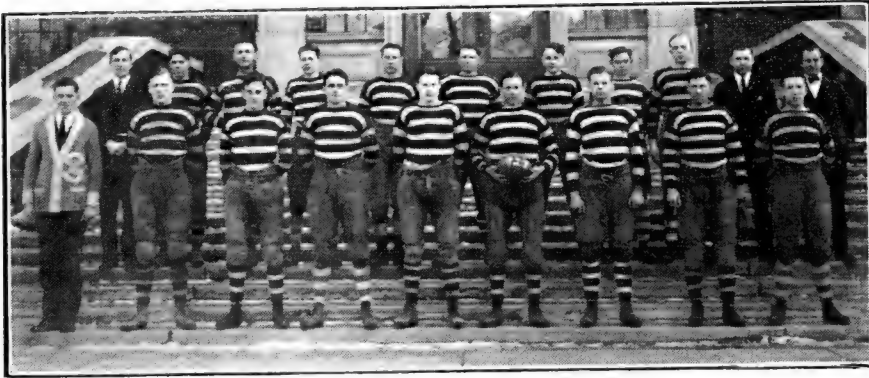
In the second quarter the play was about even. Towards the last of the period, extension runs placed St. Thomas in position and Medcalfe scored a field-goal.

In the third period Sarnia was on the offensive. With two yards to go Sarnia was held for three downs. After an exchange of kicks, Davey fumbled and Teskey recovered. With five yards to go Hallam kicked an onside, which was grabbed by Carter two feet beyond the reach of the other players.

The last quarter was nip and tuck, both teams striving hard. A Sarnia fumble placed St. Thomas in scoring position and Medcalfe kicked for the last point of the game. Walsh was injured and unable to play for the rest of the season, he pluckily finished the game.

S.C.I. & T.S. 6—St. Thomas 0

The return game with St. Thomas was played during a heavy rain which turned the field into a quagmire. Carter's ability to boot a wet ball and the work of the Sarnia team on defense were outstanding. There was no score the first quarter while Sarnia was kicking against the wind.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—Mr. Asbury, Cyril Teskey, Ray Cook, Ken. Fraser, E. Stevenson, C. Frayne, Hubert Potter, R. Strain, R. Misner, Ross W. Gray (Coach), C. Keefer.

Front Row—Walter Callum (Manager), B. Maitland, G. Mattingly, G. McVean, H. Carter, Lloyd Hallam (Captain), C. Banwell, John Manore, R. Nichol.

Absent—S. Crompton, E. Burleigh, N. Geary, J. Walsh.

In the second quarter Sarnia scored two points. One was an onside kick and the other a boot to the deadline.

In the third quarter Sarnia repelled every St. Thomas attempt to gain points, and were gaining yards against the wind.

In the opening of the fourth quarter, Carter made a thirty yard run on a fake kick and on the next down it was booted to the deadline. Sarnia made yards by plunging and Hallam tried an onside. The ball was knocked from Carter's arms and St. Thomas recovered. This point tied up the count on the round but a few minutes later Carter again booted to the deadline for the winning point. Sarnia scored one more point when a St. Thomas half fumbled. Carter's booting and Burleigh's tackling were the outstanding features, while Ken Fraser capably filled Manore's place at right half. For St. Thomas there were no stars, the whole team played hard, clean, and consistent football.

S.C.I. & T.S. 2—Guelph 0

Sarnia played the first game of the Guelph series at home. With Carter and Manore unable to play,

Sarnia played a strictly defensive game. Teskey played back in Carter's place and caught faultlessly, while Frayne and Crompton alternated at right-half.

Sarnia made yards, another first down when the Guelph coach came on the field. Hallam was downed before he could kick and Guelph made thirty-five yards around Sarnia's left end. Maitland blocked and recovered a would-be field goal. Guelph made yards twice in succession and Hallam just ran the kick out. Guelph fumbled on the first down and Sarnia recovered, and Hallam gained on an exchange of kicks. Guelph made twenty yards around Sarnia's right but Sarnia again gained on a kicking duel. Sarnia made yards and Guelph took Hallam's onside for one point. Guelph recovered a block kick at centre. Half-time score 1-0.

Guelph fumbled after an exchange of kicks and Sarnia recovered. Sarnia was penalized 25 yards. Strain recovered a Guelph fumble fifteen yards out. Guelph ran out the onside but on the next exchange were forced to rouge.

Atcheson ran back Hallam's kick for twenty-five yards and later went around Sarnia's left end for another twenty-five yards. The re-

mainder of the period was a kicking duel and the game ended with Guelph in possession at centre.

Hallam's booting was extraordinary, considering the poor support he got from the line. Maitland, Teskey, Hallam, Strain and Burleigh were the best for Sarnia. Atcheson was the outstanding player for Guelph.

S.C.I. & T.S. 15—Guelph 2

The return game in Guelph drew the largest crowd of the season. The loss of Atcheson, in the first quarter was a great blow to the Guelph team, for the first half.

Atcheson's kick off was long and low and before Carter could get clear he was forced to rouge. Carter's ability was not known and he kicked well over the Guelph halves playing back. The ball was fumbled and Potter recovered. Atcheson was forced to rouge on the next down. Potter made a thirty yard run and Guelph recovered Hallam's onside for one point. Guelph could not force Sarnia back and Hallam kicked two more onsides before the quarter ended, but they went for only two points. Potter's attempted drop-kick failed and Guelph made two runs, which brought them to the Sarnia forty yard line at quarter time.

The Guelph team became very aggressive in the second quarter and Jeffrey made a pretty thirty yard run. From this position Guelph booted for their last point of the game.

Atcheson came back in the second half, and fought gamely. The fake kick employed by Sarnia gained yards twice, and this enabled Carter to kick for another point. In an exchange of kicks Atcheson was again forced to rouge.

The last quarter was all Sarnia's. Guelph tried a fake kick, but Burleigh brought Atcheson down for a safety touch. Sarnia scored one more point by a rouge. Atcheson fumbled a kick and Manore recover-

ed and on the next down plunged two yards for a touch. Carter made a difficult convert. This was near the end of the game and Sarnia was still pressing hard when the whistle blew. When it is considered that three of the seven rouges scored were on onside kicks, there was a possibility of a great many more points. Sarnia thus qualified to meet U.T.S. for Ontario honours. Owing to the lateness of the season it was decided to play a sudden death game at London on Dec. 5.

S.C.I. & T.S. 8—U.T.S. 13

For the second time Sarnia failed to get the breaks and thus lost the Ontario title. Two bad breaks gave U.T.S. possession on Sarnia's fifteen yard line and in four plunges carried the ball across after the head linesman had given U.T.S. ten seconds more in which to score. Carter's great booting and the U.T.S. plunges were outstanding.

1st Quarter—U.T.S. made yards six times in the first quarter. Early in the game Park booted and forced Carter to rouge. U.T.S. came back strong and Sinclair went over for a touch.

2nd Quarter—U.T.S. made yards on four subsequent plunges, reached Sarnia's fifteen yard line. Park forced Hallam to rouge on the next down. Sarnia worked their way to Toronto's ten yard line and Hallam's onside went to the deadline. Carter kicked and Bailey dribbled it over for Sarnia's second point. Bailey made twenty yards in two plunges.

3rd Quarter—There was no score in the third period. Sarnia made yards twice and U.T.S. once. The period became a fierce kicking duel with little advantage either way.

4th Quarter—Toronto made yards several times, but Sarnia held and forced them back to their fifteen yard line. Here Hallam shot up an onside to Burleigh and he carried it across for a touch.

1st Overtime—Sarnia became very aggressive and Carter was able to

kick to the deadline. Carter's kick was blocked and Bailey dribbled over the touch line and Frayne kicked the ball out. Burleigh was over anxious and touched a bounding ball giving U.T.S. twenty-five yards. On the next down the line did not hold and U.T.S. gained possession on Sarnia's fifteen yard line and they carried the ball over in four downs for the winning touch.

2nd Overtime—Sarnia fought back fiercely and the game developed into a kicking duel and there were no points scored.

NOTES

Guelph Mercury—"For a high-school player, Carter the Sarnia kicker, is in a class by himself. He not only had height and distance to his kicks, but booted the ball with wonderul accuracy. The big boy was easily the outstanding member of the winning team."

* * *

Guelph Mercury—"The visitors' wonderul defensive system was working like a machine and determined plunges on the part of the local heavyweights failed to make an impression."

* * *

The U.T.S. authorities claimed

that Hallam was the best quarter back, Manore the best plunger, and Carter the best booter, they had played against this year. Their work and rugby ability were conspicuous in every game this year.

* * *

As "Dolly" at the first of the season was more interested in matrimonial affairs than in rugby, Eddie Hanna coached the squad for the first two weeks. His ability as coach was shown when the team defeated the Old Boys. Bill Patterson coached the team in interference the week before the Windsor game and taught the boys much valuable football. We hope these two men will be with us next year and heartily thank them for their kind assistance during the past season.

* * *

Too old by a few days to play rugby, Walter Callum made an able manager. His assistance to the team was invaluable. Although this is Walter's last year his ideals will be followed in the future.

* * *

In the seven Wossa games played, Sarnia scored eighty-one points and had twenty-six scored against them. St. Thomas and U.T.S. scoring, nine and thirteen respectively.



PERSONNEL OF SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

JOHN MANORE

Johnny is one of the best plunging halves ever developed in the school. U.T.S. deemed him the best plunger they encountered during the season. Also the surest tackler on the team.

LLOYD HALLAM

A captain of the first order. Was a heady quarterback and a dependable ball carrier. His ability as a kicker, stamped him as a versatile player.

GERALD McVEAN

With last year's experience "Jerry" proved to be a valuable player this season. Heavy and fast he could fill either a line or a half position. A good tackler.

ELMER STEVENSON

"Steve" was capable of filling either end without weakening the team. A hard tackler and a most promising player for next year.

CECIL BANWELL

An ideal flying wing. An effective plunger and a good ball carrier. His hard and consistent tackling on the secondary defence featured every game.

ROSS NICKELL

A big, heavy lineman who played for the seconds but came up to the first team for the last few games. A promising lineman for next season.

HOWARD CARTER

"How" easily outkicked his opponent in every game. His long spirals gained many yards and points for the team. Also an exceptionally fine plunger and a sure catch. A real all round player,





CLIFFORD FRAYNE

Heavy and fast "Cliff" made a real lineman. An excellent and effective plunger. Also an extremely good tackler who was in on every play.

STANLEY CROMPTON

A veteran of two years ago. Although playing under a great handicap he was always capable of filling either an end or a half position. A hard sure tackler.

HUBERT POTTER

The fastest man on the team. He was a good ball carrier and although light a fine plunger. His tackling on the defensive was always noticeable.

ESTOL BURLEIGH

Although light he was the most daring and effective tackler on the team. Down on every kick "Mike" brought down the backs with his low hard tackling which featured each game. An excellent receiver of onside kicks.

RALPH MISNER

A hard working lineman who could be depended upon to fill either inside position capably. Ralph was a good tackler and will be of invaluable assistance to next year's team.

RAY COOK

Another of last year's linemen who filled the other middle position to perfection. A good tackler and plunger. One could always find a hole on "Cooky's" side of the line.

ROSWALD STRAIN

Light but fast and a hard tackler. With the experience gained this year "Doc" should develop into one of the best players on next year's team.



GORDON MATTINGLY

One of the hardest workers on the team "Gord" gave his best for the full sixty minutes. On the offensive Gord always had his man out of the play. Another good man for next year's team.

ROSS W. GRAY

The success of the 1925 team was due in no small part to the efforts of our coach "Dolly" Gray. His ability is best shown by the fact that for two successive years he has coached the team to the W.O.S.S.A. championship. The interest that he took in the team as a whole and individually served as a source of inspiration to the players in all their games.

JAMES WALSH

The hard tack man of the team. Again this year "Jim" was forced out of the game on account of injuries. He could play either a half or an end and was an excellent fighter and a hard tackler.

KENNETH FRASER

A half man who could fill any position on the backfield. Somewhat light but fast he made a fine punger. "Ken" was another hard tackler and is a very promising player for next autumn.

WALTER CALLUM

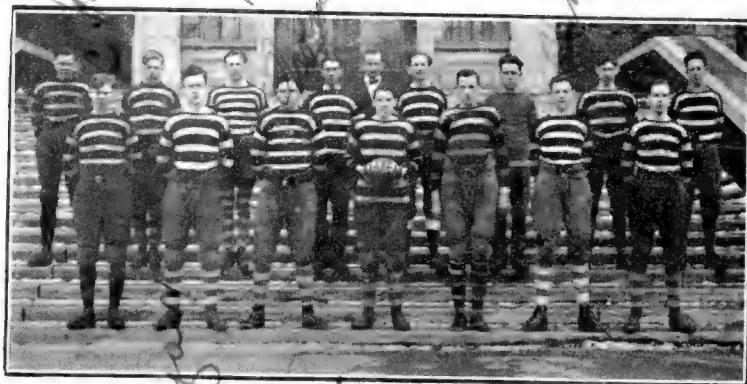
Due to the age limit "Tiny" was unable to play for the school this year. This however did not keep him from taking an active interest in the team and as manager he fulfilled his many and varied duties in a most creditable and capable manner.

BRUCE MAITLAND

"Mait" the biggest man on the team was a very effective punger and could always be counted on for a gain. Big and strong he was an ideal lineman and his work on the defensive was always noticeable.



JUNIOR RUGBY



Back Row—G. Clark, J. Stubbs, J. McWatters, C. Toole, C. Keeher, D. Burwell, C. Gardner, J. Boylan, L. Wemple.

Front Row—C. Richard, S. Logan, N. Patterson, G. Paterson (Captain), D. Simmons, K. Bell, D. McGibbon.

S.C.I. Juniors 19—Petrolia Juniors 3

The Collegiate junior rugby team of this year was as snappy an organization as this school has produced for some time. The line was heavy and had lots of snap in it. The condition of the whole team was excellent.

The first game of the "Wossa" junior series was played with Petrolia on October 5, 1925. The collegiate won this opening game of the district by virtue of a more smooth working offensive and ends that were getting down under kicks better. Petrolia put up a fine game while their condition lasted, but the heavy going told on them greatly. The teams were well matched during the first half of the game and it seemed as if the chances of each team were about even. In the last two periods Sarnia undertook an onside kicking attack when within scoring distance, that netted them three touchdowns. Doc. Strain did the kicking for the S.C.I. He did it in a very justifiable manner, keeping Petrolia in hot water most of the time. The game ended with a final score of 19-3 in favour of the S.C.I.

The Sarnia team: F.W., Pardee; R. H., McWatters; C. H., Strain; L. H., Clark; R.I., Simmons; L.I., Log-

an; R.M., Paterson; L.M., Bell; R. E., Stubbs; L.E., McGibbons; Snap, Richards; Q., Paterson. Spares—Walsh, Frayne, Geary, Fraser, Mattingly, Twaits, Ferguson, Wemple, Stephenson.

S.C.I. Juniors 16—Petrolia Juniors 0

The Collegiate Juniors proved themselves too much for Petrolia, in the return game, on October 8, 1925. They scored a complete victory, with a score of 16-0, and a total score for games with Petrolia of 35-3. The game was close at first but by the end of the first quarter, Sarnia broke the ice with a gain of three points, by a drop-kick. This was closely followed by a touchdown, following a successful onside kick. The final period was left to the prowess and strength of the kickers. Sarnia had the better of the play. The Sarnia team played a better game throughout, and had it over the Petrolia team from the first.

Windsor 6—Sarnia 5

Windsor played the first game of the second round at Sarnia. The game was closely contested and at half-time neither team had scored.

McWatters was forced to rouge in the third quarter for the first point of the game. Windsor pressed hard and Parson scored a touch early in the fourth quarter. Sarnia retaliated and with three minutes to go McGibbon caught an onside and ran fifteen yards for a touch. Parsons and Fox starred for Windsor, while McGibbon and Geary were the best for Sarnia.

S.C.I. & T.S. 1—Windsor 13

The return game was played at Windsor the following Saturday, in a sea of mud and in continual rain.

The heavier Windsor team used weight to great advantage and excelled in line plays. The open field work of Sarnia was greatly hindered by the condition of the field. Windsor had possession in Sarnia's territory most of the time. During the last five minutes the S.C.I. & T.S. showed signs of greater offensive but their rally started too late for scoring. For Windsor, Parsons, Jeffers, and Garrison starred. Geary was the outstanding player for Sarnia, being the only one to make yards against Windsor during the game.

BASKETBALL

The boys were very fortunate this year to be able to get "Son" Jennings to coach the team. The graduation of some of last year's players left a great gap to be filled, before the Wossa season started. However "Son" built up a strong team, which, handicapped by sickness, lost out in the semi-finals to Walkerville. Walkerville's refusal to postpone the game, forced the team to go there without Carter or Walsh. This action on the part of Walkerville can not be accounted for, as there was another week before the series was scheduled to be over.

S.C.I. 27—Old Boys 16

The Old Boys' game opened the 1926 basketball season. Led by Bob McDougall the ex-students were determined to make up for their defeat in rugby. Carter's scoring ability and Crompton's guarding frustrated the hopes of the Alumni. The game was rather slow on account of Old Boys' lack of condition. VanHorne held Hallam in check, so that Carter led the scoring. Robinson and McDougall were good for the Old Boys. Carter, Crompton and Hallam for the school.

S.C.I. 30—Port Huron 9

The Port Huron basketball team was exceptionally small and in the annual international game were severely defeated. Kellam and Carter scored fourteen points each, Maitland getting the odd basket. Most of the Port Huron points were gathered on foul shots or on long ones. In Hallam's absence Kellam played his first senior game and played well. The final score was 30 to 9.

S.C.I. 21—Strathroy 14

On January 15th the C. I. quintet invaded Strathroy for the first game of the Wossa season. The game was fairly fast with few substitutions. Carter opened the scoring and Sarnia was never behind. Hallam combined well with Carter. Strathroy played a hard game but their efforts were blocked by Teskey and Crompton on guard. The game ended 21-14 for Sarnia.

S.C.I. 55—Garfield 11

The following week, Garfield High School of Port Huron played a game with the C.I. squad. They were defeated by a score of 55-11.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right—Howard Carter (captain), Bruce Maitland, Gordon Mattingly, Lloyd Hallam, Edgar Kellam, James Walsh, Cyril Teskey, Hubert Potter, Beatty Jennings (coach).

Carter and Hallam went on a scoring contest, the former getting 30, the latter 23 points. The game was not interesting as it was too much one sided.

S.C.I. 24—Strathroy 11

The return Strathroy game was played on January 22nd. Hallam was decidedly off and did not play much of a game. Fouls were numerous and several players were on the verge of being put off but the game ended in time to prevent this. Carter's shooting and the great defensive work of the team featured the game from a local standpoint. Hoskins and Graham were the best for Strathroy. Sarnia thus won the round 45-25.

S.C.I. 23—Port Huron 21

The following night the team played the return game with Port Huron. The floor was slippery and the Sarnia team was off colour. It was necessary to play three overtime periods before Sarnia emerged victors by two points.

S.C.I. 19—Walkerville 22

The game was keenly contested

from the first between two evenly matched teams. Walkerville started the scoring and were never in danger. The game was rough and most of the fouls were called on Sarnia, although there were a lot overlooked on Walkerville. Carter led in the scoring with ten points while Hallam notched four. Teskey and Walsh played a splendid game at guard. The Walkerville team took the openings and thereby gained a three point lead. Hallam had a chance to tie the score in the last period, on a disputed decision, but he could not get his eye on the basket. Carter, Hallam and Teskey were the best for Sarnia, while Allison, Turner and Hicks were the best for Walkerville.

S.C.I. 11—Walkerville 39

The weakened Sarnia squad played the return game the following week. Walkerville started to increase their lead right away. The Walkerville combination was strong and by full time had scored 39 points, while Sarnia gained 11. Hallam was the best for Sarnia while Hicks was outstanding for Walkerville.

BASKETBALL LEAGUE

Despite the lack of a Boys' Athletic Association this year, Mr. Keeber and members of the boys' basketball team got together early in March and promoted a basketball league for the boys in order to keep up an interest in that line of sport and also to find what material the school possessed for future years.

The organization was very simple but effective. A list was secured containing the names of the boys who wanted to play. From this list the best six were chosen and six members of the teams drew for them. When each was assigned to a team, the next best six were chosen and this was repeated till each captain had a roster of eight players. The six captains or coaches undertook the placing and instructing of their players and in this way derived as much benefit as the players themselves.

Two leagues were soon seen to be necessary, owing to the number

of boys, and a junior league was formed similarly to the senior. For coaches the teams in the Junior league had the substitutes of the regular team. Each league was divided up into two parts and at the end of the season the winner of Part 1 played the winner of Part 2 for the championship. These games also served as a help to Hallam and Carter, of the first team, for these two acted as officials of the games and incidentally they missed very little rough stuff and their handling of the games was spoken of praisingly rather than insultingly as is usually the case among arbitrators.

The team coached by Teskey won the first part of the Senior league and Walsh's cohorts captured the second part. The playoff was waged before a large crowd of students and Walsh's emerged victorious with a 14-8 count. The winners' team is composed of: McPhail, centre; Ivinson and Hargrave, forwards; Patterson, Clark, guards; Prendergast, sub.

THE W.O.S.S.A. TRACK TEAM

The sixth annual Wossa Track and Field Meet was held on Saturday, May 16, 1925, at the new cinder oval, at Western University. Despite the dull day and drizzling rain, the meet was a huge success, and six records were broken.

Sarnia sent three teams to the meet, but they did not succeed in winning any group or individual championships, though they made a very creditable showing for the school. The members of the teams were: Senior, L. Hallam, H. Carter, St. C. Parsons, E. Kennedy, Harold VanHorne and F. Burwell; Intermediate, James Armstrong, Kenneth Fraser, Elton Johnston, Charles Richards, Gordon Paterson. Juniors: Kenneth Zink, Lyle McKay, Glen McPhail, Tom Laurie.

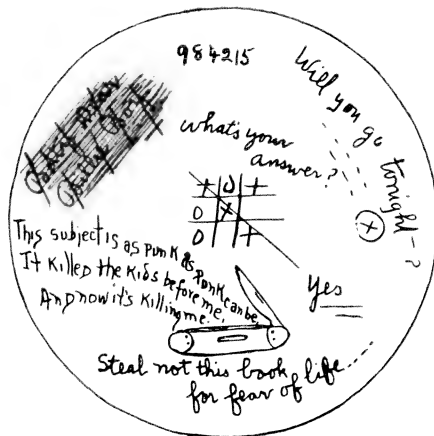
The Seniors were the most successful, coming second for the

Group Championship with 16 points, while London South was first with 25 points. Ted Kennedy won his heat in the senior 100 yards and came second in the final heat. In the Senior Shotput, Howard Carter won third place and in the High Jump was second. Bud Parsons was third in the 440 yard race and Lloyd Hallam won first in the Senior Broad Jump. In the Senior Relay race Sarnia was second. In the Intermediate Class Sarnia scored only three points, these being gained by Elton Johnston who was second in the Shotput. In the Junior division Kenneth Zink won second place in the Shotput.

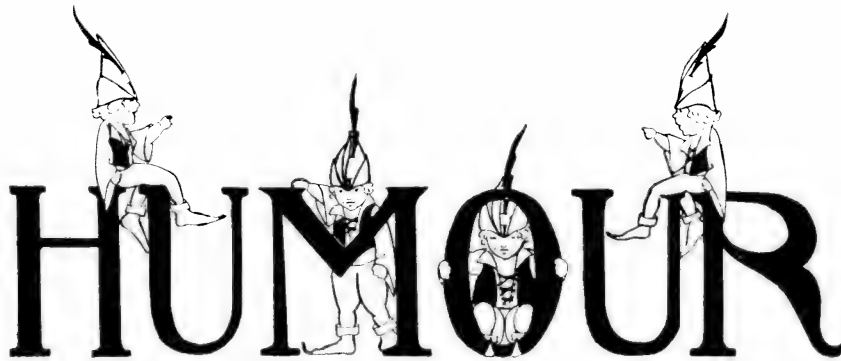
Our team last year did very well, considering the fact that the campus was very muddy and that we have no indoor track, so that the athletes may begin training early in the

Spring. If it had not been for some of the members of the staff offering their cars to transport the athletes to Bayview Park so that they might practice, their showing might have

been much worse. The track meet this year is to be held on May 21, at London again, so it is urgent that the teams commence their training early.



Primitive Art and Literature still found in pupils' Text Books, etc.



Once two Irishmen came to Heaven together. Pat wished to climb onto Mike's shoulders and was allowed to do so. They knocked at the gates and St. Peter answered.

"Are you mounted," asked St. Peter.

"Yes," replied Pat.

"Well," was the reply, "Tie your horse outside and come right in."

* * * *

She—"Do you know the difference between a tramp, a train and a river?"

He—"No."

She—"The train rides a steel and the tramp steals a ride."

He—"What about the river?"

She—"That's where suckers get caught. April Fool."

* * * *

TESTIMONIAL.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

WE have known MR. FIELDING for the past four years. He is exceedingly alert, has a captivating grasp of his subjects,.....

.....
We can recommend him highly as a TRAFFIC COP for your most congested thoroughfares.

* * * *

HEARD IN THE WRITING CLASS.

(NOT to be read aloud)

Mr. Graham—Miss Mac G——, you have too much space between "U" and "L".

And, Miss W——— there is too much space between "U" and "I".

* * * *

A Scotchman was drowning, so another man got into a boat to rescue him.

"Give me your hand," the man said.

The Scotchman replied, "I never gave anything in my life, and I won't start now."

"Well, then take my hand," said the other.

The Scotchman was saved.

* * * *

The height of chivalry is the action of the young man about school who took a girl out for a ride in his car and then walked home with her.

Mr. Dennis—"Now this plant belongs to the begonia family."

G. Clarke—"Oh I see, you're just keeping it for them while they're away."

* * * *

Natural gas is the result of the meeting of a hole in one golfer or in a man with a perfect radio.

* * * *

Customer among talkative clerks—"Say I came here to buy summer underwear, but now I want to get some woolens before winter sets in."

* * * *

Professor—"I am offering a prize for the laziest man in College and I think you'll win it."

Gleed Workman—"All right, roll me over and put it in my back pocket."

* * * *

She—"I think she is as pretty as she can be."

He—"Most girls are, nowadays."

* * * *

Have you ever heard of a person changing his nationality? No?

A Scotchman went into a saloon in Dublin, and came out A-RUSHIN' (a Russian).

* * * *

Once there was three men in the woods—a Scotchman, an Englishman and an Irishman.

Because there was only food enough for one it was decided to give it to the one who had the best dream.

Sandy slept, and declared he had gone to heaven.

Jock insisted that he had gone to heaven too, but Saint Peter had let him in.

Then Pat confided that he had seen the others go to heaven and forthwith had eaten the "grub."

* * * *

A doctor wanted an assistant and advertised for one. An Englishman, Irishman and Scotchman came. The Englishman was first. The test was to feed a skeleton porridge. So the Englishman goes to the skeleton and puts the spoon to its mouth and it says, "It's hot, it's hot." The Englishman ran away. The next was the Scotchman, and when he tried the test, it said, "It's hot, it's hot," and being Scotch he took the porridge with him. Next came the Irishman, and when he started to feed him the skeleton says, "It's hot, it's hot," and Pat says, "Blow it, you fool, blow it," and Pat was hired.

* * * *

To Commercial Forms

Mrs. Bradley—Now, Girls, Hurry Up!

Miss Brown—How Many Pages Have You Read? Yes, What?

Miss Burriss—That's Bonnie, IB!

Mr. Coles—Just Imagine You're in an Office Now.

Miss Cruickshanks—Where is Your Home Work?

Mr. Dobbins—Just Feel My Muscle from Sawing.

Mr. Eberlee—Remember Your Addition and Subtraction Rules.

Miss Ewart—Follow Your Leader, Girls.

Miss Fenwick—Get in Step.

Mr. Fielding—Where is Your Law Book?

Mr. Hartley—This Class Has No Brains!

Mr. Keeber—?

Miss Nelson—Where's Your Work?

Mr. Treitz—I Have Told You the Object 10 Times Already.

"Every Day, in Every Way . . . ?"

STAFF NOTATIONS

"They are Jolly Good Fellows"

Mr. Asbury—"I'm the Captain of the Pinafore."
 Mr. Asker—"Drafting, drafting, down the stream."
 Mr. Andrews—"Show me the way to go home." (After quarantine).
 Mrs. Bradley—"Love's old sweet song."
 Miss Brown—"Carry me back to old Virginny."
 Miss Burriss—"Thanks for the buggy ride."
 Miss Cruickshanks—"Kitten on the keys."
 Mr. Coles—"Keep the home fires burning."
 Mr. Dennis—"Everybody loves my baby."
 Mr. Dent—"Here comes the duke a-riding."
 Mr. Dobbins—"Little boy blue, come blow your horn."
 Mr. Dore—"I'm sitting on top of the world."
 Mr. Durnford—"The anvil chorus."
 Mr. Eberlee—"My poor heart is broken—oh, how she lied!"
 Miss Ewart—"Ring around Rosy."
 Miss Fenwick—"O Margie."
 Mr. Fielding—"Just around the corner."
 Miss Ferguson—"Shall I have it bobbed or shingled?"
 Mr. Graham—"Oh, how I miss you to-night." (Detention).
 Mr. Grant—"Auld Lang Syne."
 Mr. Gray—"Hay, hay, Farmer Gray, took another load away."
 Mr. Greenleaf—"The sunshine of your smile."
 Miss Harris—"Oui, oui, Marie."
 Mr. Hartley—"Five-foot two, eyes of blue."
 Mr. Keeber—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are marching."
 Mrs. McDermid—"Put on your new Spring Bonnet."
 Miss Nelson—"Each stitch is a thought of you, dear."
 Miss Nichol—"I'm always chasin' rainbows."
 Miss Pugh—"Somewhere a voice is calling."
 Mr. Russ—"Jingle Bells."
 Miss Scarrow—"Home Sweet Home."
 Miss Taylor—"Mademoiselle from Armentieres parley-voo?"
 Mr. Treitz—"I was only teasing you."
 Mrs. Urquhart—"Oh, what a pal is Mary."

"Vive la Compagnie!"

—By a Lady Member of the Staff.

* * * *

Seen at the Theatres

Tom McKay	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The Fresh Man.
Helen Vollmer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sunday Worship.
Ruth Kirkpatrick	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Bluebeard.
Tiny Callum	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	So Big.
Marion Sullivan	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	A Modern Venus.
Four A.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The 1001 Nights
Gordon P. Mattingly	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	It Pays to Advertise.
Basketball and Rugby Teams	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	The Forty Thieves.
Jim Walsh	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Freckled but Saved.
Tom Baird	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	When My Sugar Walks Down the Street.
Frances Clark	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Who.
E. D'Arcy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Pretty Little Blue-eyed Sally.

In the Days of the Bicycle

Three smart young men and three nice girls—
 All lovers true as steel—
 Decided in a friendly way
 To spend the day a-wheel.
 They started in the early morn,
 And nothing seemed amiss;
 And when they reached the leafy lanes,
 They in like
 rode twos this!

They wandered by the verdant dale,
 Beside the rippling rill;
 The sun shone brightly all the while;
 They heard the songbird's trill.
 They sped through many a woodland glade,
 The world was full of bliss—
 And when they rested in the shade,
 Theysat intwos likethis!

The sun went down and evening came,
 A lot too soon they said;
 Too long they tarried on the way,
 The clouds grew black o'erhead.
 Down dashed the rain! They homeward flew,
 Till one unlucky miss
 Slipped sideways—crash! Great Scott! the lot
 Wereallmixeduplikethis!

—“An adventure on wheels.” (Anonymous).

* * * *

First Villain—“I'll be there at midnight.”

Second Villain—“Alright but don't forget the paper.”

First Villain—“No, and you bring the matches.”

* * * *

Mary—“Do I need some powder on my nose?”

Ruth—“I should say you do. Hurry and put some on before that fly slips
 and breaks its neck.”

* * * *

Mr. Dennis—“Has anyone done anything to preserve the forests?”

Hansen—“Yes, I have shot many a woodpecker.”

* * * *

Mother—“Little boys should be seen and not heard.”

Small Son—“What do you think I am, a movie actor.”

* * * *

Father—“Failed in your examinations again. What's the excuse this time?”

Son—“Well what could you expect? They set the same silly questions.”

* * * *

Helen V.—“No, I do not kiss men.”

McKay—“That's alright I am only a kid.”

* * * *

Conundrums.

How can you best enjoy courtesy? Get a little gal an' try (gallantry).

What is it that you cannot hold for five minutes although it is lighter
 than a feather? Your breath.

Hallam—"What my dear old lad, sick again! Ah, but you should follow my advice and eat three onions a day. They are the secret of life."
 Carter—"Yea, verily, but how do you keep them a secret?"

* * * *

The meanest man we have heard of was a Scotchman, who gave his little boy a whipping because he bought an all-day sucker at four o'clock in the afternoon.

* * * *

Old Darky (to shiftless friend)—"I'se hearn tell dat you is gwine to pay me dat dollah you owes me."

Dark Friend (indignantly)—"I ain't sayin' I ain't."

Old Darky (severely)—"I ain't askin' you is you isn't you ain't. I asks you ain't you is?"

* * * *

Johnny—"Grandpa, will you please make a noise like a frog?"

Grandpa—"What for, my boy?"

Johnny—"Why, pa says we'll come into a fortune when you croak."

* * * *

A Misunderstanding

Returning in the street car from the theatre the other night, two girls were discussing their favourite operas. Just as the conductor came in to collect the fares, one girl said to the other, "I simply love 'Carmen'."

The conductor blushed and whispered, "Try the driver, miss, I'm married."

* * * *

THE OPEN DOOR

"The door is open" cried the boys
 As they tore about the floor
 Some one will certainly be hurt
 Unless you close the door.

Now Mr. Fielding in his room
 Was cleaning up a rifle.
 He thought a little open door
 Was but the merest trifle.

The door stayed open, naught was said
 Till Mr. Keeber riled
 Yelled close the door, with all his might
 Like one who has gone wild.

Then Mr. Fielding very red
 Came out upon the floor
 And said to Mr. Keeber, there
 "I will not close the door."

Ah! sad it is to speak of this
 But still the faculty
 For all their being old and wise
 Can yet have spats you see,

* * * *

Mr. Keeber—"Does that smile mean you are feeling better Dwight?"
 Simmons (still dazed after the Petrolia game)—"How foolish! Why that's to rest my face."

She pondered and worried
 Fretted and sighed
 Slept not a wink half the time
 Trying to determine to do it or not
 Trying to make up her mind.

She gazed in the mirror
 Thought for awhile
 Fondled the tresses and wept,
 Then put on her hat, tripped down the street
 And into the barber shop stepped.

She mounted the chair with a mist in her eyes
 The barber danced round with his shears
 One little, two little, three little locks,
 Fell to the floor with her tears.

Four little, five little six little locks
 Seven, then eight and at last
 She stepped on the street with a glorious "bob"
 The "knot" now a thing of the past.

—Norma Hilliard.

* * * *

Rose enters a dry-goods store on a hasty shopping tour just after the Christmas Holidays.

Clerk—"What can I do for you?"

Harold—"What price are these semi-soft collars?"

Clerk—"Two for a quarter."

Harold—"What is the price for one?"

Clerk—"I'll sell you this one for fifteen cents."

Rose (holding out a dime)—"Thanks I'll take the other one."

* * * *

"Push," says the button.

"Take pains," says the window.

"Never be led," says the pencil.

"Always keep cool," says the ice.

"Be up-to-date," says the calendar.

"Never lose your head," says the match.

"Make light of your troubles," says the fire.

"Aspire to greater things," says the nutmeg.

"Do the work you are suited for," says the chimney.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," say the stamp.

* * * *

M. McCormick—"How long did it take you to learn to skate?"

G. McKay—"Oh, about a dozen sittings."

* * * *

Two very pretty girls met on the street and kissed each other rapturously.

Lloyd Hallam and Ted Teskey watched the meeting.

"There's another of those things that are so unfair," said Lloyd.

"What's that?" said Ted.

Hallam, pointing to the scene: "Women doing men's work."

* * * *

LOST—One golden hour set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered as it is gone forever.

UPPER SCHOOL BLUES

A dashing young blood is our Jerry,
A frolicsome lad and a merry.
He'll pick up a girl,
And go for a whirl,
Then take her right back to the
ferry.

We have a young maiden named
Maggie,
Whose tongue is excessively waggy.
She squeaks and she giggles,
She laughs and she wiggles,
'Till you'd certainly think she'd get
faggy.

And then there's that heart-breaker
Lloyd,
Whom the flappers can't seem to
avoid.
With the ladies our Hick,
Has a technique that's slick,
And his company's always enjoyed.

A hard man and rough is our Mait.
He lives at a terrible rate.
He's out every night,
Till the dawn's early light,
And he rises with mal a la pate.

What ho! for the beautiful Gwenny.
Her attractions are varied and many.
Though she won't bob her hair,
Still it's best to beware,
For her thoughts are worth more
than a penny.

Of course we've all heard about
Nicol.

It was really a laughable picol.
He wasted his jack,
When he hired a hack,
But how could he know she was
ficol.

A rare bird we have in old Steager.
His quest after knowledge is eager.
He'll sit up till two,
All his homework to do,
"And so's your old man" says our
Steager.

Oh a flower of creation is Donny.
All joking aside she's quite bonny.
She's a bright little lass,
In the Algebra class,
And those theorems are pie for wee
Donny.

And then once again we have
Worky.
Whose career has been patchy and
jerky.
We all firmly believe,
That some day he will leave,
So here's to the best of luck Worky.

Now Cecil is head of the Lit.
Still he isn't conceited a bit.
He's a regular wag,
And he edits the mag,
And his studies are right in his mit.

Our Anne's a scholarly light.
At school she's just awfully bright.
With out having to cram,
She knocks off each exam.
And her marks are astonishing
quite.

And Heber has grown of late,
To be very hot on debate.
With that line he could shoot,
On the Hudson Bay route
He deserved now a far better fate.

And now let us finish with Morrow,
Though no words that will fit can we borrow.
So it won't be a crime,
If to make up the rhyme,
We call him just "Upper School's Sorrow."

* * * *

Miss Ferguson—"Did you do this essay yourself Lackie?"

Bill (absentmindedly)—"No, Miss Ferguson, father started it but mother
had to do it all over again,"

Gord—"Why did you leave Betty so early last night?"

Potter—"Oh the lights went out and I didn't want to sit there in the dark."

* * * *

Mr. Grant—"Carter, I believe you missed my class yesterday."

Hick—"Why no sir, I didn't, not in the least."

* * * *

A certain young fellow named Max
Took apartments right down by the tracks.
They could not stand him there
So they gave him the air
For they mortally hated his saxe.

In our school there's a young Aphrodite
And this maiden is terribly flighty
She wears lowly rolled socks
And abbreviated frocks
Which make a commotion most mighty.

* * * *

"Whither away, stranger, what would'st?" said St. Peter, as he leaned
over the pearly gates. "Let me in," muttered the wandering soul of convict
No. 999 just released from the electric chair, "I just had the shock of my life."

* * * *

"Rastus is my bawth warm?"

"Yessah the wahmest ah was evah in."

* * * *

Cecil Pollard—"Don't cry my lad. If you can't find your penny before dark
here's a match."

* * * *

Father—"Goodness, what's the matter? The house is filled with smoke."

Mother—"I just heard Willie say he had Pittsburg on the radio."

* * * *

First Bum—"Gosh, bo I sure am overworked these days."

Second Bum—"What are you doing bo?"

First—"Oh this and that."

Second—"When?"

First—"Now and then."

Second—"Where?"

First—"Here and there."

Second—"Well you are sure in need of a vacation."

* * * *

McAndrew—"Hooray the wind has changed."

Convalescent wife—"Well man what of it?"

McAndrew—"Ye ken the doctor said ye needed a change of air."

* * * *

Pat—"Catch me Mike, I'm dizzy."

Mike—"Wassamatter?"

Pat—"I have been reading a circular letter."

* * * *

Joe McKeown (drowning)—Ub - blub - elp - lub - ublugs."

Kellam—"You said a mouth full brother."

* * * *

Miss Ferguson—"Can any one tell me the earliest reference in history to a
theatre?"

First Former—"Yes mam, I remember reading in the bible that Joseph was
taken from the family circle and put into the pit."

"Send money immediately I am broke," wired home Jerry McVean.
 "So's your old man," was the reply.

* * * *

Mike—"Young man, don't you realize you'll never get anywhere by drinking?"
 Drunkard—"Ain't it the truth? I've started home from this corner five times
 already."

* * * *

Fran. Clarke—"How's your brother the stunt flyer?"
 Wilkinson—"Down and out again, thank goodness."

* * * *

Teskey (on P.M.)—"What makes this train so slow?"
 Conductor—"If you don't like it get off and walk."
 Teskey—"I would only I am not expected until train time."

* * * *

Cop on Shore—"I am going to arrest you when you come out of there."
 Mr. Keeber—"Ha! Ha! I am not coming out. I'm committing suicide."

* * * *

Tom—"Have you marked the papers yet?"
 Mr. Dennis—"Not yet, Baird."
 Tom—"Well when you get to mine, it's not justice I want, it's mercy."

* * * *

"Treat 'em rough"—Henry VIII.
 "Don't lose your head."—Queen Mary.
 "So this is Paris.."—Helen of Troy.
 "I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way."—Columbus.
 "I'm strong for you kid."—Samson.
 "Keep the home fires burning."—Nero.
 "It floats."—Noah.
 "The first hundred years are the hardest."—Methuselah.

* * * *

Hick—"Who are you taking to the ball Jerry?"
 McVean—"Not a local girl."
 Carter—"Why not?"
 Jerry—"I want an express; locals are too slow."

* * * *

Miss Harris—"Kerr, why are you not writing?"
 John—"I ain't go no pen."
 Miss Harris—"Where's your grammar?"
 John—"She's dead."

* * * *

Miss Nichol—"Misener, use 'cauterize' in a sentence."
 Ralph (dreamily)—"I knew she was mine the moment I caught her eyes."

* * * *

Miss Harris—"Class dismiss."
 Mr. Dennis—"Is that the last bell?"
 Miss Scarrow—"All right, class, you may go."
 Mr. Dore—"Pass out."
 Mr. Grant—"All right."
 Mr. Hartley—"That's all for to-day, I guess."
 Mr. Dent—"Pack up your books."

* * * *

Jerry McVean—"How much will it be to pull a tooth?"
 Dentist—"Five dollars."
 Jerry (after due consideration)—"How much will it be just to loosen it a
 little?"

Vida—"When he fell out of the window did he hurt himself?"
 Jean—"No, he had on his light fall overcoat."

* * * *

Miss Harris—"Is that all the work you can do in an hour?"
 Stover—"Well I daresay I could do more, but I never was one for showin' off."

* * * *

Almira Brown, climbing on one of our local street cars handed the conductor a transfer.

"This is two days old," said the conductor.
 "I have been waiting patiently," was the reply.

* * * *

Bob Page—"You think my picture is bad but you can't paint one yourself."
 Stover—"That's all right, I know when an egg is bad and I can't lay one either."

* * * *

First Convict—"When I get out of here I am going to have a hot time, aren't you?"

Second Convict—"I don't know, I am in for life."

* * * *

Lady (to tramp)—"Now go away or I'll call Cecil Pollard."
 Tramp—"Oh 'im, I know 'im. It's the little fellow who told me yesterday to go away or he'd call his Mother."

* * * *

"Help! help! I am going down for the third time."
 South—"If you don't find it this time I'll help you, old man."

* * * *

On the wedding Tour:

She—"Oh, Reginald dear, if a collision should take place, how glorious it would be to die together."

After a Pause:

He—"Bah Jove, you didn't forget to renew your insuance policy, did youh, deah?"

* * * *

She gave her life, her own sweet life
 'Twas the only life she had.
 Their meeting it was sudden:
 Their parting, it was sad.
 She lies beneath the daisies,
 She's resting peaceful now.
 But there's always something doing
 When a freight-train meets a cow.

* * * *

Little we think,
 Less we do,
 Isn't it funny,
 How we pull through.
 Those EXAMS.

* * * *

Fond Mother—"This is my daughter Gwendolyn. Such a bright little girl."
 Gwendolyn—"What was that clever thing I said yesterday?"

* * * *

Mr. Dennis (teaching about geysers)—"There is a hot place down in the earth where the water is boiled."

"Spot" McPhail—"How do they know there is?"

Mr. Dennis—"The Bible tells us so."

Mr. Canard was preparing to lift the piano on to the platform in the Assembly Hall.

Day—"Do you want me to help you lift the piano, Mr. Canard?"

Mr. Canard—"I'm just going to get a man to do it, thanks."

* * * *

Miss Scarrow—"Samis, translate 'These are mine'."

Samis (thinking hard)—"I don't know what these is."

* * * *

QUESTION BOX

?

Why does Tom. B———sing "When I dance with Frances?"

Why does A girl use rouge?

Where is Gleed W———?

Why does Janie C———talk so much?

Why does Jack McW———toe in?

Why does Dav wear girl's handkerchiefs?

Who is Eddie's best girl?

What boy looks like a girl?

Who took the "Spring Dancers" for girls?

How much Gum would 2C's Lit, Fees buy?

What gave Mattingly the Spring Fever?

Who was the "Gainsborough Picture?"

Why is Ketchum kept in?

Why does Hugo H———close his eyes?

How does Brodie make his hair so sleek?

Where did Field Day go?

Why didn't Doris P———break the ice?

What star is F. Whitcombe trying to reach?

Why does Ralph M———wear Red Socks?

What happened to little Manning's lunch?

Why doesn't A boy remove his hat indoors?

Where is Mr. K———'s gad?

How will we pass the examinations?

What girl looks like a boy?

Who has answered all of these?

* * * *

Mrs. Wheatcroft—"Jean, didn't I hear the clock strike two?"

Jean (keeping Howard quiet)—"You did my dear. It started to strike ten but I stopped it to keep it from waking you up."

* * * *

I will tell you now a TAYL-OR two,

And I am sure you'll GRANT

I have several good words in every verse

Although each verse is scant.

EWART the one that I adore

Said NELSON in a whisper

AN-DREW'S arm about her waist

But still he feared to ASKER.

Now COLLE'S worth fourteen bucks a ton

By spring if it's not cheaper

I'll pawn my car to the coal man

The DURNFORD he can KEEBER.

A man was missing from the school
In a GREEN-LEAFy bower
We found young FERGUS-ONing himself
And eating GRAHAM flour.

You URQUHART now the Scotchman said
And I will pay you mickle
But I worked all day and my only pay
Was a PUGHny little NICHOL.

Just to BRADLEY speak of ghosts
That HARRIS us each day
Is enough to SCARR-OWlder than we
And turn their BROWN hair GRAY.

I cannot pay my BURRISter
I'm FIELDING mighty blue
For it's eviDENT that he will say
The jail is the place for you.

To the DENNIS I once went
My tooth to let him pick it
But quaked with fear when he came near
For he is oFEN-WICKed.

One day I was in narrow sTREITZ
I tried my car to crank
But could not Mc-DER-MOTer go
No gas was in the tank.

I HARTLY know of anything
That looks more out of place
Than E-BERLY hard boiled fellow
DOBBIN-Salve upon his face.
Miss CRUICKSHANKS said your brains
I know have long been clogged with RUSSt
So hang a crepe upon your nose
AS-BURY them we must.

I hope that now within these lines
I've not the least offended
But if I have, I pray forgive
For now my rhymes are ended.

—Norma M. Hilliard.



Lillian Anning. *Mary*
a Lillian

Autograph Page

Margaret Smith
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K. A. Smith *111A* *Genevieve Watson*

Doc Spears *111A* *E. L. Lammie*
Kurt & Miss *Audrey Dennis*

Francis Churchill *111A* *Helen L. Smith*
Armen Jones *Charles H. Young*
Wm H. Clouse *Mary K. Smith*
Carl H. Smith *Margaret Smith*
Victor Kirk *Freda Sprunk* *111C/16*

Victoria Scarrow *Theresa*
Mary J. Souther *Jo Dawson*
Steven Russell *111C/16*
Charles Curves *111C/16*

Howard Symington *111C/16*
Lyle H. Brown *111C/16*
Jack Kelso *111C/16*

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Autograph Page

Arthur Hawley	Nora Marsh
Douglas Justice	Queen M. Kay
Warren	Howard
Margaret De Lou	Margaret Bentley
Gertrude Warrick	Kith Taylor
Thomas Lewis	May
Jones	Miss
Emily Sim	Miss
Alfred	Miss
Frank Burwell	Jessie J. Darr
Pauline Mills	D. M. Grant
H. A. Williams	Chloe
Charles Phelps	John
Edna	Lyman Kearns
Fred M. Jones	Harold Stape
Miss	Ronald Crocker
Margaret	Robert
Edward Logan	George Garroch
Lace	Kenneth
Thom	G. C. Richards
Harvard	Ray T. Mulligan
Doug	Bertha Lewis
H. H. Graham	Hena
Miss	Nadine B. Paterson

Autograph Page

Ruth Tennant 3B.

Charles Bush

Isabel McDonald 114 B.

Grand Canyon

Idy Rice

Howard Beatty.

Michael Liller

Lab. x. Vermilion

John Kennedy

Cennie Gunn

Wally Kirk.

1. Melrose, 11. 12.

Major-General

13

Katherine Harroway 1B

Agnes Jones

Handwritten signature: *Handwritten signature*

Mola Buckingham

St. Charles Knickerbocker St.

W. Hayward

Van Dyke, A.

Ivan Kise.

20

15.

Kolářský 14A

Prima Gradus!

My very connected

May 11

Ken Messer / 75-

11/14/2014

Arthur A. Nichol

Geo. L. Coulter

Fernando Rios

James J. Connelley

39/10/11

13 Jack W. Garrett

Bliss, Gay

1/2 lb. 100

Franklin Morris

Wm. P. Mason

Autograph Page

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Editor's Come-back

Caustic Critic—"Gee, but you have a lot of bum jokes in this issue."

Editor—"Oh, I don't know, I put a bunch of them in the stove and the fire just roared."

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ASSETS	-	\$3,356,385.48

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B. Simpson—"I got a rare old gift for Christmas. One of Caesar's coins."

M. Teskey—"That's nothing. I got some of Adam's chewing gum."

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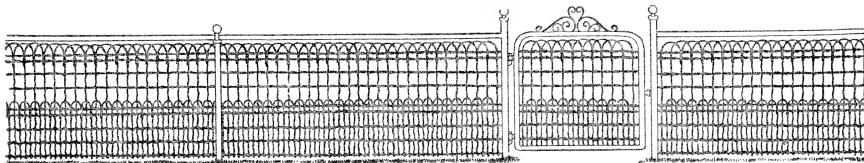
Mr. Fielding (after continual interruption from Margaret Purser).
"Miss Purser, stay in for fifteen minutes after four; and if I catch you again,
I'll have to double up."

SARNIA LAWN FENCE

Lets in fresh air and sunshine, opens up alleys to inspection, transforms back yards which are too often eyesores into nature's beauty spots. For residence lawns and gardens our Flower Bed Border provides ample protection.

These can be supplied either painted or galvanized. Nothing so adds to the attractive appearance of your home as a clean-clipped lawn with an appropriate fence.

Let us measure your lot and make an estimate of the cost of fencing it.



The Sarnia Fence Co., Limited

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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.



To Our Readers

In preparing the sections of this magazine allotted to advertising, we have endeavoured to solicit support from every business in the city. In most cases we have received ready response and also many fine suggestions regarding our publication.

In approaching our advertisers we have attempted to show them wherein it is advantageous to advertise in "The Collegiate." When a concern places an advertisement it is only natural to expect trade from the readers.

Therefore it is the duty of the student body to patronize those who have aided us, for only through their assistance and co-operation is our annual made possible.

Mention "The Collegiate"

G. H. McVEAN, Advertising Manager.



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IS GOOD COAL



173 N. FRONT STREET

Telephone 500

Little LLOYD BURLEY, a dapper young man,
Lengthened his trousers with LUX in a pan.

Did you ever hear of the Scotchman who wanted to commit suicide,
and went into the neighbour's to turn on the gas?

Lambton Loan & Investment Co.

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By opening an account with us of \$1.00 and upwards you assist
in developing the needs of this community.

NORMAN S. GURD, President.

JOHN B. PARDEE, Manager.

Boys

- Write down your house number.
- Multiply it by two.
- Add five.
- Multiply it by fifty.
- Add three hundred and sixty-five.
(The number of days in the year).
- Add your age.
- Subtract six hundred and fifteen (which, as you all doubtless know is the number of members in the British Parliament).
- The answer is your house number and age.
Simple isn't it?

WATCH WATSON'S WINDOWS

WATSON'S

Wake UP!

Banwell—"You look cold shall I take my coat off, and put it around you?"
Janie Clark—"Oh, no, don't take it off."

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Made Fresh Daily

You have tried the rest
now buy the best at
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Jim Crow's, Pecan Rolls and Jersey
Wonder are trying to catch up to
Chickenbone at Jamieson's.

Have you caught the crow yet?

The Store of QUALITY

We Specialize in

TEA and COFFEE

James Garen

GROCER

PHONE 129

Cor. Christina and Davis

Sarnia

Ontario

Nicol—"Where ya going Baird?"

Baird—"Down to the pawnshop to see what time it is."

Nicol—"Why the pawnshop?"

Baird—"I left my watch there."

Holmes Foundry Co.

LIMITED

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Bruce M.—“Here, waitress! This doughnut has a tack in it.”

Waitress—“Well, I declare! I'll bet the ambitious little thing thinks it is one of those new doughnut tires.”

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If your eyes are giving you any trouble, our optical department is in charge of a Doctor of Optics who devotes his whole time to eye work.

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Jeweller and Optometrist

154 Front St. Sarnia, Ont.

Some people are so dumb that they think blowing a bugle will charge their batteries.

Hanson—"How did you know I wore my old hat to the theatre last night?"

Smith—"I heard you took it off."

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GINGER ALE

and

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Baird—"I figured that it would be more merciful if he never knew what struck him."

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All new Wedge Models, double and single breasted.

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Christina and Devine Streets.

Hallam—"Did you see the circus?"

Carter—"Yes."

Hallam—"Who played the hero?"

Carter—"I did, I sat through the whole performance."

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